Spirit of the Times

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A second report of the Bardstown (Ky.) Fall Races has been sent us, under an impression that the first was not received. It was, however, and appeared on the 24th Nov.; see page 326.

A good Trainer is wanted on Long Island; also one at Bardstown, Ky. For the latter situation address T. P. L., Secretary of the Bardstown Jockey Club.

Report of the first day's practice of the *N. Y. Off Hand Rifle Club* in our next.

Half a dozen *puffs* of Stallions are received, and will be printed in our *advertising* columns if the writers desire it.

The first number of the NEW SERIES of the *Spirit of the Times* will appear on the first Saturday in March—two weeks from this day.

The gentleman who loaned a late number of the London New Sporting Magazine, containing a portrait of *Harkaway*, will especially oblige us by returning it to the office forth with.

Several communications unnoticed in to-day's paper will be answered through the Mail.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The attraction offered during the week at this house have not been of a singularly novel character; the "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" of one night have been succeeded by the "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist" of the next, for six mortal evenings. The critic of the *Courier* regrets "the paucity of auditors which this theatre at present numbers;" we cordially sympathize with him. He adds that he regrets it "more especially, as he cannot discover a fair reason for it." We beg to refer him to the *Spirit of the Times* of last Saturday. He proceeds sensibly to remark that

"Here is PLACIDE, unimpaired in his great powers, who could formerly have crowded this theatre without aid from any star; here are Mesdames WHEATLEY and VERNON, both at the very head of their several lines of acting; here are CHIPPENDALE, RICHINGS, Mrs. RICHARDSON, Miss CUSHMAN, and a host in strength not to be matched as a whole establishment in the Union. These and other favorites are still here, and once could have caused crowded houses,—they are as good as ever, nay, better than ever,—and are forgotten."

Why they are "forgotten," we leave to the good sense, taste, and correct feeling which have ever characterized those ladies and gentlemen that were wont to compose the Park audience.

The National.—The lovers of Italian Opera have been presented with a rich treat this week in the revival of "Il Barbiere de Seviglia." The house on Monday evening was crowded at an early hour with the beauty and fashion of the town, reviving a thousand associations of the lamented MALIBRAN, the peerless PEDROTTI, the gay and spirited FANTI, and their gifted compeers.

The star of the evening was Mrs. SEGUIN, who made her *debut* as *Rosina*. She labored under the effects of a severe cold and great trepidation, but, nevertheless, executed the difficult music of the part with such remarkable taste and skill, as repeatedly to bring down the house. Her voice is a *soprano* of considerable compass, and her style is faultless; there is no redundancy of cadences, or straining for effect in her execution; every intonation is full, round, and perfect, and she is extremely happy in giving effect to the most brilliant and trying passages. She was excessively agitated during the opening cavatina, "*Una voce poca fa*," but was re-assured by the warm and hearty greetings of the delighted audience, and concluded the performance with signal success. Though an artist of greater pretensions in almost every respect, she reminds us forcibly of the beautiful BORDOGNI, whose romantic attachment, marriage, and return to Paris, excited such a sensation here a few years since.

Doctor Bartholo found a capital representative in SEGUIN, who entered into the spirit of the part, and acquitted himself with a degree of eclat that has added much to his reputation as an actor and a thorough musician.

If we had never seen FORNASARI, nor poor DE ROSA, the *Figaro* of DE BEGNIS would have struck us as the best we had ever seen. His "*Largo al factotum*" was not, to our taste, as happy as usual, but on the second representation, he left nothing to be desired throughout the opera.

LATHAM's *Don Basilio* was rather clever, while HORNCASTLE's *Count Almaviva* was neither good, bad, nor indifferent, but a mingling of the three. We regretted to find the prompter (GAMBATI, the trumpet player) in such general requisition on the first night, and the Band and Chorus so opposed to all harmony in time and tune. Allowance must be made, however, for the limited time employed in getting up the opera, which owes its revival mainly to the fact of Miss SHIRREFF's indisposition.

Every one will be glad to hear that Miss SHIRREFF and WILSON are to be added next week to the already brilliant galaxy of stars at the National.

The Franklin is reviving, and the business is good. Capital bills are presented for the ensuing week.

What's in the wind now? The Park advertisements of last Saturday announced that the great Tragedy man would play four nights this week! The engagement was very considerately postponed, however, until Monday next, but the effect of the mere announcement was enough to keep people out of the house. In the bills of to-day, the *Monstrum Horrendum* again has to give place to Mrs. Saw, who is to play all next week. Cannot the manager "screw his courage to the sticking place," or have the impulses of fifteen years cordial disgust prompted him to kick his notorious friend out of Old Drury?

Last Monday week Mr. BURTON, of the Chesnut street theatre, commenced his first engagement in this city at the National, in the characters of *Billy Lackaday* and *Guy Goodluck*. In the latter we have never seen his equal; he imparts an individuality to the character that impresses it indelibly upon the mind of his auditors, who will remember it with the *Paul Pry* of HILSON, the *Michael Perrin* of PLACIDE, the *Mercutio* of CHARLES KEMBLE, and the *Scholar* of WALLACK. The conception of the part, as well as the personation of it, evinced the possession of fine taste and sterling comic talent of the highest order. In the course of his engagement he appeared as *Mr. Sudden* in "Married Life,"—as *Old Revel*, in the revived comedy of MORTON's, of "Begone Dull Care,"—*Toby Tramp*, in "The Mummy," etc. etc., in all of which he made a highly favorable impression. His Toby Tramp, without being an imitation, vividly recalled poor John Reeve; it was played before a capital house, for his benefit last Saturday night, and was vociferously applauded.

Burton is a delightful actor; the great charm of his personations consist in the fidelity with which he depicts the light and shade of each character; he appears always to have been extremely felicitous in catching the prominent features of the author's ideal creation, and in his embodyment, it stands out in bold and beautiful relief. The actor is completely lost in the individual personated, so that nothing can be more unlike than Old Revel, for instance, and Billy Lackaday—Guy Goodluck and Mr. Sudden or Toby Tramp. He improves, too, upon acquaintance, and were our audiences more familiar with him, he would be still more a favorite. His engagement, however, left little on his part to be desired; the impression he made must have been most flattering to his feelings as an actor, and we are glad that he experienced, during his visit, such a degree of hospitality and courtesy, as will ensure his re-appearance here at no very distant day, under the happiest auspices. The following paragraph from the "Star" will be read with pleasurable interest by the friends of the subject of these hasty remarks:—

"*Mr. Burton.*—The friends of literature and the drama gave Mr. Burton a complimentary dinner on Monday last, at the American Hotel. He had completed a short and successful engagement at the National, considering the season of the year, and left a most favorable impression of his talents and good personal qualities. Connected also with the literature of the country, at the head of an ably conducted periodical in Philadelphia, the compliment was in every respect due to him, and passed off in the most agreeable manner. His Honor the Mayor was in the chair, and about seventy gentlemen partook of a sumptuous repast, served in the best style of the worthy host of the American. Mr. Burton, in reply to the toast of the Mayor, was exceedingly happy in the expression of thanks for the honor conferred on him. Several gentlemen also spoke, and the whole affair partook of a neat and classic character, such as we desire to see frequently repeated. The charm of the evening, however, was in the delightful songs of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Horn, and Mr. Russell, who, with the aid of the piano forte in glees, catches, ballads, &c. &c., gave a complete concert. Mr. Wilson's Scotch songs were admirable. Horn has got a new lease, and sings as well as he did twenty years ago; and Russell went over all his gems with the most perfect execution. Williams, of the National, and Burton, sang comic songs. The health of Miss Shirreff was drank with great enthusiasm, and Mr. Wilson, in returning thanks for a complimentary toast, and referring to the great pleasure he had derived from a visit South, claimed New York as his home in the new world, where the reception of himself and friends had been so warm and cheering. Mr. Wallack, of the National, and several gentlemen of the *corps dramatique* were present, and the party separated at midnight, having passed a delightful time. These marks of distinction conferred on gentlemen of the profession, have the best general tendency in inducing them to place a proper estimate on the value and importance of private worth and dramatic talent."

HORN commenced on Thursday a series of *Soirees Musicales*, at the Lyceum in Broadway, assisted by Mesdames Horn, Pearson, and Strong, Signor De Begnis, and Messrs C. Horn, Jr., Rogers, Massett, and Maynard. The instrumental solo performers are W. J. Davis, flutist, U. C. Hill, leader, violin, and Messrs. Scharfenberg and Walker, pianists. The first concert went off brilliantly, and we hope the enterprise will be encouraged.

RUSSELL's concert at the City Hotel on Thursday, was, as usual, crowded to overflowing. He is decidedly the most popular vocalist in the Union.

Mr. C. A. LOGAN is engaged with a new theatre at Auburn, N. Y.

CELESTE is to appear at New Orleans in the course of next month.

Mrs. DRAKE, as the manager, is still "carrying on the war" at Louisville, where CHARLES MASON is "the star of that goodlie companie."

STEPHAN, the counterfeit presentment of a principal *danseuse*, is astonishing the weak nerves of the Philadelphians at the Chesnut-street.

ABBOTT is about producing "*Amilie*" at Charleston, and has engaged Madame OTTO, BROUGH, and BISHOP. Mrs. MCCLURE is playing tragedy there about these days.

Young, Lansing, Worrell, a Mrs. Chapman, and enough more to "make up a nice party," are playing Vaudevilles at the Albany Museum. Dr. VALENTINE is "doing just so" at Baltimore.

Timour the Tartar, and a stud of horses, have possession of the Washington City theatre. Lewellen and his "interesting" horse left New Orleans for Texas on the 1st inst. It takes him!

CALDWELL re-appeared on the boards of the St. Charles on the 29th ult.; he played *Benedick* to ELLEN TREE's *Beatrice*. BROWNE, Pearson, Harrison, Cowell, De Bar, Mrs. Plumer, and Mrs. Farren, were in the bill for that evening.

FORREST succeeded the RAVELS at the Camp-street house, where "Gentleman George" BARRETT and his wife are very deservedly great favorites.

Miss CLIFTON was expected in Charleston to play during the present week; she will probably appear at Washington, if not Richmond, on her way to this city, as her engagement at the Park commences on the 11th of next month. Her Southern engagements have been remarkably brilliant; her benefit at New Orleans brought the finest house of the season.

"OLD SOL" has been playing Richard III. to HUNT's Richmond at Mobile "Sure such a pair were never seen." Ellen Tree was to open with Old Sol and Ludlow about the 1st inst.

Old BARNES, lady and daughter, are with Hart & Forbes at Montgomery.

MAEDER closed the Providence Theatre last Monday, and will re-open it in May. He is now in town with his estimable and gifted lady.

SCOTT & THORNE have two strings to their bow—Vicksburg and Natchez, where they have been doing a fair business throughout the season.

BOOTH arrived at New Orleans on the 2d inst. FORREST was to play The Gladiator on that evening.

GEORGE JONES' theatrical speculation at Richmond has turned out so well, that the citizens of Hartford and New Haven will probably take measures for erecting a temple to the Drama in each. Jones is a really clever man, though he cannot play *Hamlet:* his lady, however, is destined to become a distinguished ornament to her profession.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. SHARPE, an old favorite of the Park audience, is acquiring new laurels in Philadelphia, not only as a distinguished *tragedienne*, but as *prima donna*. In consequence of Miss SHIRREFF's sudden indisposition on Wednesday week last, when announced to appear as Cinderella, that arduous part was assumed by Mrs. Sharpe, at a few hours notice only. The "Saturday Courier" states that she acquitted herself "not only *well*, but in so superior a manner, as to prove her an extraordinary actress. She won bright laurels." The "Saturday News," another critical journal, remarks:—

"The part of Cinderella was taken, at short notice, by Mrs. Sharpe, and sustained with a degree of correctness and skill, no less creditable to the lady than gratifying to the audience. Mrs. S. performed the whole of the music of the part, and was warmly applauded."

Mrs. McLEAN was at Columbus, Ohio, on the 6th inst., on her way South. DEAN appears to be doing a capital business there, with a good company, having T. F. LENNOX and lady at its head. PARSONS has just concluded a profitable engagement of six nights. The "Statesman" thus reviews several of his characters:—

Virginius ushered in a new face in the person of Mr. Parsons. His personation of the Roman Centurian was chaste and thrilling—his first scenes with his daughter displayed the parental tenderness of the widowed father—his yielding up his daughter to Icilius was in the extreme of pathos—his manly figure and piercing eye never could appear to better advantage than in facing the Decemvir's officer, in whom he saw the destroyer of his daughter. The sacrifice of his child, being the essential historical fact on which the play hangs, was wrought to a climax that thrilled his audience, and the last scene of the madman, with the tyrant Claudius strangled, was a grand display of retributive justice. *Nick of the Woods*, fresh in the memory of all who have read Dr. Bird's production of that name, was received with bursts of laughter and applause. The *wild* Kentuckian would fail in any other hands than Mr. Parsons'; he is the best representative the part ever had. Description is useless; suffice it, he was Roaring Ralph himself. Of Mr. Lennox's *Bloody Nathan*, there is but one opinion, that it was a chaste and natural piece of acting; he entered fully into his author's conception.

Shakspeare's master-piece, the key to the human heart, *King Lear*, was acted admirably. Mr. Parsons was "every inch a king;" we never beheld a more complete, and, to our taste, just delineation. This part, which is universally allowed to be the most arduous in the drama, had ample justice. There is a charm in the acting of this gentleman; he subdues his hearers to his will; his madness seemed so near reality, that his return to sanity alone dismissed the spell. We could not but feel for the wrongs of Edgar, and rejoice in his final triumph. Mr. Lennox, with his usual ability, was excellent in this character. The piece was warmly solicited for repetition, but other engagements precluded the possibility.

Saturday was announced for the benefit of Mr. Parsons, when the good citizens, with well displayed liberality, absolutely crammed the house—it was a gathering of the *elite* of Ohio; the boxes have seldom shown to such advantage. The Indian tragedy went off with great *eclat*, Mr. P. sustaining the Mohawk chief. The third representation of Nick of the Woods closed the engagement of Mr. Parsons, when, being unanimously called for, he made a neat and pithy address. His audience were highly delighted; in fact, no previous engagement of his made half the impression.

EATON, the tragedian, is playing at Jackson, Miss. The "Mississippian," of the 24th ult., has the annexed paragraphs on the subject. We beg to direct the attention of managers to a line placed by us in italics:—

Our theatre continues to be the centre of attraction; every night it is filled with overflowing audiences; the beauty and fashion of the city may be seen gracing the front seats nightly. OUR *manager spares no pains to render the performances worthy of patronage.*

On Monday evening we witnessed the play of "Damon and Pythias," and have seldom seen a piece go off with such perfect satisfaction; every person seemed to be pleased. Mr. Eaton performed *Damon* in a manner which fully sustained the high reputation he has hitherto enjoyed as a tragedian. Mr. STITH, as *Pythias*, played with more than his accustomed spirit. He plays every character well, but in this instance fairly eclipsed himself.

On Thursday evening "Hamlet" was presented; the principal characters were all very well played. We have no room to particularize, but must not close without bestowing on Mrs. Maynard the praise she so richly merits. She always plays well, and is deservedly a favorite with the friends of the drama.

HACKETT has just concluded a very brilliant engagement at Richmond, Va. We are pleased to hear that JONES' new theatre, in that city, has been extremely well supported all winter. The "Compiler" of the 6th inst., thus refers to Hackett's benefit:—

The theatre on the night of Mr. Hackett's benefit was filled with the largest audience ever known in this city. His *Falstaff* was generally approved. The performances throughout the play and farce were excellent. Mr. Jones played *Hotspur* in a very spirited and just manner; and Mr. Crane as *Prince Henry*, gave us a most pleasing piece of acting. Hackett was called out after the play, and in a concise and appropriate manner thanked the audience for the compliment paid him—adverted to the hospitable and friendly manner he had been received some eight years ago while on a visit to Richmond—and said that he was about to go to Europe, but that if ever he returned to his native land, of his engagements, one to play before a Richmond audience would be among his earliest.

Theatrical Benefit.—Celeste's benefit took place last night (Feb. 12) and will be ever memorable in the annals of the Baltimore stage as the largest receipt ever taken on any one occasion in this city. Great numbers were unable to obtain places and had to return.—The Captain and officers of the French Frigate "Veloce," accompanied by his honour, the Mayor, and the French Vice Consul complimented Celeste with their presence and repeatedly cheered their fair country woman. She was called out at the end of the entertainments, and returned thanks for the honor conferred. Too much praise cannot be awarded Mr. Ward, the worthy manager, for the arrangements of the evening—and the beautiful appearance of the box fitted up with the American and French Flags. The receipts were $1,150. Chronicle.

The Major's Last.—The editor of the "Star," who is certainly old enough to tell the truth, can never have read Mrs. OPIE's "*Illustrations of Lying*," or he would not have had the hardihood to intimate that the interest of Dixon and his *clique* had been transferred to us! But you are barking up the wrong tree, there, Major! You, alone, have sustained the Great Originator of that wholesome cabal, and we must leave all the accessories to you. You have been fattening on the goose too long to cast the onions and trimmings to us. "*The Great Unhung*" has your especial protection;—you shield him—you foist him before the public—you prop his fortunes, and you must not, now that you are getting him into the current, cast overboard those who, with yourself, have contributed to blazon his capabilities, his peculiar virtues, and his venial foibles. The *clique*, with you and him, must now sit down to the same table—partake of the same delicacies, and enjoy the same "good 'uns" that have been common among ye for years past. "Confess the corn," Major. They all belong to you;—they are all of the same kidney—out of the same bin—are of the same flavor, and will smell as sweet as if by any other name. You have always liked them—you have munched your pea-nuts with them all—you know them. Don't separate them—bind them up together when they are ripe for the sickle, and garner them into that receptacle which you are preparing for the unclean, the loathsome, the debauched, and the guilty, and then you may boast of the Empire of Principle and the Morality of the Stage! You have done worse things than this, so don't gulp, but take it kindly; and least of all, Major, don't "*slush our ways*" with the fat that makes your's so smooth.

The Mirror for to-day contains a beautiful steel plate engraving of "the Soaking Mountain on the Upper Mississippi," by JORDAN, from a superb picture o WARD's. The letter-press of this number is unusually piquant and interesting. JOHN NEAL has a paper on Animal Magnetism—a capital theme, which he handles like a shrewd, sensible Yankee, as he is; T. IRVING communicates some agreeable trifles; Dr. PISE has a poem on Pere-la-Chaise; FAY some Thoughts on Lawyers; the inimitable COX some *Grave* Speculations; JOHN INMAN an article on Romance of the Newspapers, in his best vein; Gen. MORRIS a light and fanciful song, which HORN has already "wedded to harmony," and the editor, EPES SARGENT, his usual weekly *melange*, besides half a dozen other clever things by clever men. Altogether this is a crack number, and after reading it, we come to the conclusion we could hardly beat it ourselves. If they go on in this way, we shall certainly make the General, Mayor of Gotham, and introduce SARGENT to the Long Island trout!

☞ It is not often that we can direct the attention of our readers to really beautiful paintings, but on Saturday evening there will be sold at SNOW's *auction rooms* a private collection of Oil Paintings, in fine frames, and in the best state of preservation. They are by various masters, and of different merits, yet to the eye of an amateur they must appear, as they have done to ours, of rare excellence, and in some instances of extraordinary power and beauty. We cheerfully commend this collection to the inspection of all desirous of procuring choice specimens of the "divine art."

Let us remove temptation from the path of youth, as the tortoise said when he plunged into the water upon seeing a boy pick up a stone.

Mrs. Polly Collins took up Robert Knowles at Barnstable, for not fulfilling his promise to marry her. The gist of evidence turned out thus:—"I asked Polly," said Robert, "if she would marry me, and she answered yes, but I did not tell her I would marry *her*." That made it bad for Polly. Werry aggrawatin'!

THE STAGE COACHMAN ABROAD.

"Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time." SHAKSPEARE.

We were lately travelling from Cheltenham to town, and a change of position at Oxford placed us on the box beside the coachman whose task it was to pilot us from Alma Mater to the metropolis. Though a young man, he had all the distinctive signs of an experienced whip, and was in form and hue a perfect Jehu. Bulky in figure, rubicund is complexion, and knowing in physiognomy, he lacked no "complement externe" that Nature could bestow, and art had not been appealed to in vain. A green cut-away,—blue bird's-eye neckerchief,—spotted waistcoat, cord breeches, and boots with drab cloth tops; a broad-brimmed white hat, a pink in his button hole, and a thick gold ring on the little finger of his whip-hand, assimilated the outer with the inner man, and made all in perfect keeping. His "havior" on the box was, in his own language, "*ondeniable*." As soon as we were well clear of the city, and fairly started on the Henley road, we fell into conversation. The discourse, at first general, and chiefly allusive to "hosses" *and* the weather, shortly became quite confidential. We gradually fell into discourse on matters intimate, and we found that our friend had not limited his peregrinations to the space that lies between the Angel at Oxford and the Bell at Holborn. He had seen more of the world, and was willing to impart his knowledge. The first remark that bore upon the subject was a question which he put in a somewhat abrupt transition from the high price of corn, which he had just been lamenting.

"Are you fond of the sea, sir?"

"Why, yes," we answered, "in spite of having crossed the Atlantic some five or six times."

"Ah," he replied, "I've never been on *that* 'ere hocean; but I went across the sea too, last summer as ever wos;——Be quiet, will you? What is that mare about?"

Heedless of the interjection, we inquired on what occasion.

"Why, you see, sir, I'll tell you. I got tired last summer o' drivin' a hempty cutch up and down, and wanted to have a bit of spurt, jest to make things a little lively. So says I to some friends of mine as drives on the Porchmouth and Suthanton roads, suppose we takes a start in the steamer, and goes to Hantwerp. You knows Hantwerp, I suppose, sir? Well, they was all agreeable, so off we trundled, first to Ramsgate, where we picked up a few more good 'uns, and then off we sets. When we was abroad, them as warn't sick talked a good deal about what they meant to do and say, and was mighty strong with the French then; but I reckon it was a different thing when we got there; damme, if a man on 'em could speak no more French than that 'ere near leader!"

"How many were there of you?"

"Why, eighteen on us."

"Any ladies of the party?"

"Never a one, sir; we was all gen'l'm'n as drives—some one road, some another. As it was a'most dark when we left Ramsgate, we wasn't long a turnin' in; and when we got up in the mornin' quite early, there we saw Hantwerp before us,—least ways the spire o' the cathedral, and we a-steamin' it up the Skilt, like a team of thorough-bred 'uns. We soon left Walkerin' behind us, and got alongside of them Dutch forts as protects the Polders,—I think they calls 'em; though what there is to protect I'm blest if I could see; there warn't as much grass on 'em as 'ud feed a donkey,—let alone a good hoss. Hows'ever, it was a fine summer's mornin', and there we was safe enough in Hantwerp very little arter six o'clock. We hadn't much luggage; most on us had got wot he had tied up in a hankercher, or in our great coat pockets; so the Downeers (as they calls the custom-house officers, in consequence of their being down upon you so uncommon quick) hadn't nothing to say to us, though the Johnny-darms did take us to be searched."

"Well, what was the first thing you did when you got ashore?"

"Why, the steward o' the wessel had pinted out to us the street as we was to go down to get to the market place where the hō-tel was. He called it the Place Wert, or some such name, and said we'd better go to the Grand Lubberer. Thinks I, I wonder who he is, this 'ere Lubberer when he's at home. Hows'ever off we sets, and sure enough we did get into the Place Wert. Now, Wert, they says, means green in the French; but we see nothin' green there but ourselves; for not speaking the langige, as I said, we didn't know which way to turn to go to this 'ere hō-tel. So there we was a-walkin' up and down, lookin' first at the steeple and then at the barricaded winders, and then at the faces as peeped through 'em to look at us, until we was rayther tired and rayther peckish,—for we wanted to get some place where we could have our wittles dressed for us as we'd brought over."

"Brought over!—what, did you take your provisions with you?"

"In coorse we did; we wasn't a-goin' to be sarved out with frogs and snails and sitch as that; no soup meagre for us, I promise you. We'd as prime a piece of roasting beef, about sixteen pound weight, as ever was seen on Mr. Giblett's counter, a leg of mutton for biling, and as pretty a hand of pork, with some greens and taturs, as ever you'd wish to partake. This, and a bit of double Gloster, and a few bottles of Guinnes's stout, was all we brought with us, for we know'd that brandy and gin was to be had for the askin'——"

"Well, how did you manage?"

"Why, as I was a-sayin', we was a-gettin' tired o' dawdlin' about doin' nothin',—and wanted to ask our way if we could have seen anybody as could speak to be understood—for I'm blest if we could make out one word as them Flemings said. As for *their* talk, it seemed for all the world like a pig tryin' to parly-vue.

At last Jem Worritt—him as driv the Manchester Defiance, spy'd a gen'l'm'n a-comin', as he said he was sure was an Englishman and no mistake, for he'd got a hat on his head and no moustayshoes on his face; all them Belgians is whiskered up like so many wild-cats, and wears foragin' caps and ribbons in their button-holes, 'specially ever since they ran away from the Dutch. So when he cum'd nigher we made him werry purlite bows all round, and Jem Worritt, as see him fust, he was spokesman, and says he: 'We asks your pardon, sir, but are you an English gen'l'm'n?'—and so says he, 'Yes, I am; what do you want with me?'—'Why, sir,' says Jem, 'here we are, eighteen on us, as come by the steamer this mornin', and wants to know where our Hotel is—the Grand Lubberer—where we can get our wittles cooked,—for we can't speak a word o' this here langige.' The gen'l'man larfed a little, and looked fust at one and then at another, and at last he says: 'Why, I don't think the Lubberer is quite the place for you to go to. You'd better by half go to one of the Cabberies down there by the Hō-tel de Wheel,—and you can have your things done all to yourselves without any trouble.' So, says I to Jem, 'I think we had better go to the Hō-tel de Wheel itself instead of a cab-house,—it's more respectable, 'specially in a foreign country,'—for you know, sir, we was all on us coachmen. Hows'ever, the gen'l'man explained that the Hō-tel de Wheel meant the Mansion-house, and the Cabberies was places where there was smokin' and drinkin', and such like, always a-goin' on; but whether for cabs or coaches it made no odds. So the gen'l'man he werry kindly walked afore us, and we foller'd him, two and two, across the Place Wert, past them toyshops as is dovetailed into the side of the cathedral. On the way the gen'l'man,—a werry nice man he *wos*,—name was Smith, Sir,—Smith of the Borough, p'raps you knows him,—he p'inted out to us a iron pump as was built by a blacksmith named Squintin' Bat'seyes,* as afterwards became a great painter, cos he fell in love with a gal who wouldn't have him as a blacksmith at any price,—so the gen'l'man told us, and I suppose he knew. Did you ever hear tell on it, sir."

"Oh, yes,—you haven't got his name quite right, or the story either; but the place is very well known. Go on."

"Well, hows'ever the story may be, there we wos, and there we see the pump; and a little way further on, across a sort of a market, the gent'l'man he stops opposite a house with the sign of a Bull's-head over the door, carved in wood, with a pair of horns as long as my arm. Underneath this head was a board and a writin' to say, 'Oh, grand Buff!—here you may lodge on horseback or a-foot!'—so Mr. Smith translated it to us; and then something in Dutch about drinkin' and good beer and brandy, and a bit of a paintin' of a bottle of stout going off into two glasses like a jet-dō, as the French call it. We liked the look of this 'ere place, and as soon as Mr. Smith had parleyvood with a man in a red nightcap as stood at the door a-smokin' his pipe, he told us it was all right, so in we toddled, and set down at a long table and called for a glass of brandy and water a-piece, jest to wash the dust out of our throats. As soon as we'd made ourselves all straight, and took a mouthful o' bread and cheese, Mr. Smith said he must be goin', and promised to send us a Commissionee, or Lackey de Place, to act as our interpreter and show us all over the town. So presently in comes a chap with a hairy cap on, as wolunteered his sarvices, and glad enough we was to have him. He called himself Jack† somethin', and offered to pilot the whole lot on us for a frong a head and his wittles. The fust thing we set him to, was to order our dinner to be got ready at one o'clock *pre*-cisely, and then off we set to see the lions."

"And were you much entertained?"

"You shall hear, sir. Fust and foremost we went into the cathedral—it was what they called a Fate-day,—a sort of red-letter-day, you know,—and there we see the Wirgin Mary, in a gold petticoat, bein' carried up the hill under a canopy, and the priest a-ringin' a bells, and little boys in long pinafores swingin, their senses about,—and then down they all drops on their knees, and one of the priests, in a long black sugarloaf cap, says somethin' in French about 'cockalorum,' and up they all gets again and begins a-singin' and Chantin' with all their might, and the orgin' a playin' most oncommon loud. Jack whispered to us that this was a high mass in honour of the Wirgin, whose birth-day they was a-keepin'. Well, we waited till it was all over, and then we walked around the buildin' to look at the pictures,—and oncommon fine they wos,—leastways I never seed sich a hoss as was painted there,—and Long Joe, as drives the Norwich Union, he said the same, and there isn't a better judge of a hoss nowheres than Long Joe. Jack told us it was painted by Mr. Roobins', as wos wery famous for hannimals. As soon as we'd done with the inside of the cathedral we went out at the door at the foot of the tower where Squintin' Bat'seyes is berried, and there we see a sort of a toll-keeper, and we giv' him a mutter o' three or four frongs to show us up the tower. Well up we goes, and a tremendjous lot of steps we mounted. Two or three of our companions, as was rayther touched in wind, they cried off at the fust landin'-place, but the most of us held on till we got to the top, and a most onaccountable fine view we had. There was Lillyhock* and Larfinstock, them two forts opposite each other on the Skilt, lying jest beneath us, and there was the river a-runnin' away all down to Flushing, like a bright yaller ribbin a shinin' in the sun; and beyond that was the sea and the ships on it, as plain as we see them 'ere crows in that field. Then o' the other side was the rail road to Brussels, and the spires of the cathedrals of Maylines and Gong, and I don't know how many places, all spreaded out beneath like a pocket'ankecher. It was most surprisin' fine,—and bless'd if ever I see sich a lot of jackdors as there was congregated at the top of the tower, and sich a wind a-blowin',—fit to blow yer eyes right out of your head. Well, we wasn't werry sorry when we found ourselves at the bottom agin, though we had a precious larf at them as stopped in the belfry, for while they was there, wot should begin to play up but the chimes,—the carrylong as they calls it,—and bless'd if it didn't stun 'em pretty nigh deaf. They thought the tower was comin' down, and we heard 'em a-holloring louder than the bells, though onaccountable loud they said they wos."

"What place did you go to next?"

"Why, ever sich a lot more churches,—some bigger and some littler than others, but all on 'em chock full o' picters. I think there must be as many churches in Hantwerp as there is colleges in Oxford—can't say, hows'ever that I remember their names, seeing 'em for the first and last time, as I may say. But the rummest sight of all was the church of Saint Jack,† with a himitation of Jerusalem in the berryin'-ground outside. They calls it a Calvāry, and I never see nothin' like it in *my* life. There was rocks and mountains and statues and painted figures, and all the 'Postles and Moses, and ev'ry thing as you hear tell on. And at the end o' this ere place, p'raps you'll hardly believe wot I'm a-goin' to tell you if you hav'n't seen it,—there's a sort of a cave with what they call a grill, and a precious kind of a grill here is a-goin' on inside. Why, sir, there's the iron bars as you pokes your head through, and what do you think you sees?—Why, ever so many naked people a-burnin', all cut out of wood and painted like human creeturs all a-blazin'; the most profanest, impious thing as ever I clapp'd my eyes on. It makes one's flesh crawl, it do. Bill Rogers, of the Suthanton Tellygraph, he larfed and said, there was more wimmen than men in purgiterry,—and so there wos; but, any ways, I think it ought to be put down. Well, sir, by this time it was gittin' pretty nigh our dinner hour, and most on us was rayther peckish, so we thought we'd seen enough for one while, and back ag'in we steered for the Grand Bluff, congratulatin' ourselves on the prospect of a good English dinner. When we got there, Jack he sung out for a feller as he called the Shave,—which means head cook in our langige,—and asked him if dinner was prey [prêt.] 'Wee, mounseer,' said a wiry-looking chap in a white nightcap, with a thunderin' pair of black whiskers,—'wee, mounseer, too sweet,' says he,—which Jack said meant 'directly,'—so we bundled up stairs to a long room, as looked out on the place facing the Oysterlings,‡ where they sells the small oysters, I fancy. There was the table all set out quite nice, with silver forks and black bottles and napkins,—a regular swell concern,—and ever so many loaves of bread, pretty nigh as long as the pole o' this ere cutch, but nothin' else to eat as we could see. Hows'ever, we wasn't long a-waitin', for presently up comes a chap with a large toreen of pottage, as they calls their soup, and sets it down in the middle of the table, and begins sarvin it out right and left, with a 'vooly-voo' to every one on us. We all partook in coorse, but it wos poor thin stuff,—no more like oxtail or mock-turtle than a greyhound's like a cart-hoss,—and sich an apology for pepper-castors, little chaney saucers with no tops to 'em, like snuff-boxes with the lids off. Then came in a large white dish with little square slices of b'iled beef, as Jack said was 'bully,'—and well he might say so, for there was nothin' of the real sort in it. I suppose if Dutch courage means a glass of gin, Belgian bully means beef with the strength b'iled out on it. As soon as we'd got rid of this we begins to look about us, and I says to Jack, 'I hopes they're not goin' to forgit *our* beef as we brought over.'—'Oh, no,' says he, 'that's the roty; they'll bring that by and by.' Arter this come in a lot o' things,—bless'd if I remember the names of half on 'em; there was a stoo'd cod-fish swimmin' in hile, wot the Dutchmen calls cobble-jaws, and a fricandy made o' weal stuck all over with bits o' pork fat like a young hedgehog; it warn't so bad that dish, only there warn't half enough on it. Then there wos our leg o' mutton as they'd stoo'd up with carrits and turnits instead of roasting on it as we wanted; they'd gived it a name too as we couldn't understand, a jiggo de something, which Jack said meant seven hours, tho' we told him it was prime three-year old wether mutton. As for what you call made dishes there was no end on 'em, what with giblets, and sassages cut in slices, and poollies and water-cresses, and filly de buff with tommytoe sauce and sich like. It was most on it d—d nonsense, but we ate on it, 'cause it was there to be eat. At last says I to Jack, 'I say, old feller, if they don't send in our roast beef, I'm bless'd if I shan't lose my happytite, as the halderman said after eatin' the turbit.' Well, Jack he says to the garsong—(that is the waiter, garsong means boys, sich another as a post-boy)—'Garsong, porty lee roty.' What *he* said none on us could make out, but Jack he turns round and says, 'Why, there aint no roty.'—'I don't know what you calls roty,' says I, 'but if there warn't as prime a bit o' beef for ro'stin' in our hamper as ever wos, why, then, damme, I'll eat a hoss; so I'll thank you to translate that 'ere to this 'ere sniggerin' Dutchman.' Well, then, Jack he sets to jabberin' ag'in; and this time he says 'roast beef' plain enough; and the garsong, he pints to the dishes, and jabbers in his turn, as much as to say, 'they've had it;' and away he cuts; and presently back he comes with a beef-bone in his hand, shaved quite smooth, and claps it down on the table, and begins a-p'intin' and jabberin' ag'in. So then Jack says to us, 'It's o' no use tawking; they've dressed your beef another way.'—'Which way?' says we; 'for we hadn't a-had none on it, nor seen none on it naythen.'—'Why,' says he, 'that 'ere was it,' a-p'intin' to a hempty dish as stood opposite to where Long Joe was a-settin'. And what do you think they'd a-done?—blessed if it warn't the croo'llest thing as ever happen'd to a piece of roastin' beef!—why, they'd cut it up into collops, and called it filly de buff, and *dis*-guised it with tommytoes; and Long Joe and Jem Worritt, and one or two more, had finished it, and never know'd wot it wos they wos a-eatin'. I *wos* vexed, and that's the truth on it. Howsever, there warn't no help for it; and, as we *had* done pretty well, we made it out on the cold pork as they hadn't touched."

"But did you get nothing to drink all this time?"

"Let us alone for that; there was vang de pay, and Mosle, and a few bottles o' Shampain, as we resolved for to have, to do the thing *gen*-teelly; and then for beer there was summut as they call'd 'lampblack,' § or some sich name; tho' it warn't half so black or so strong as our porter; and brandy and Ginever, and sich like, all in coorse. Well, sir, tho' we'd com'd over merely a-pleasurin', we warn't a-goin' to be settin' a-eatin' and drinkin' all day; so, about three o'clock, out we sallies ag'in to see wot else there was in this 'ere town. We'd heard talk a good deal about the siege of Hantwerp, where the Dutch, under Gineral Chass, was bumbadeered by the French and the young Dook of Arlines; so we thought we'd go and see the sittydell. So two on us, Bill Rogers and I, got a-hold on Jack's arm, and the rest follered; and away we marches up a long street, full of old buildin's, as was half in ruins, and kivered with the marks of the shot and shells as wos fired into the town. We seed one o' them ere shells in the mornin' as hit the werry cathedral itself, wot old Gineral Chass threatened to knock down if they didn't leave off spyin' into his camp. At last we gits up to a drorbridge and crosses a ditch, and there we wos stopped under a harchway by a sentry, who call'd for his hofficer; and then out *he* comes, a civil-spoken chap enough, with a pair of moustayshes as long as that hoss's mane. As soon as he'd read the paper—a permee they said it was,—he took off his hat and made us a bow; and in coorse we did the same; and there we stood a-bowin' and scrapin' for five minutes together, till we thought he'd never a-done tellygraffin' with his elber. Hows'ever, it did end somehow, and through the harchway we walked; and didn't the sogers stare at us, that's all. What there was to stare at, none of us could see, for we wos only dress'd jest as usual, 'cept Long Joe; he'd got his holiday-flower in the bussom of his weskit—a nice sun-flower, as he pick'd up in the Marshy-o-floor (wot they calls their Common Garden): but I suppose they thought we eighteen fellers was a-goin' to take the sittydell ag'in. However, they let us pass, and then up comes the keeper of the place as shows it,—a sarjent he wos, as help'd to make the sittydell surrender, and he took us all over it. Perhaps you knows wot miluntary work and fortifications is, but for our parts, we'd never seed none afore. I should hardly have believ'd that this 'ere wos the place as they made such a piece of work about; why, no part on it warn't higher than that 'ere bank, and it seem'd to me to be sloped quite easy to help anybody as wanted to get in; and I said so: but the sarjent he only shook his head and grinned, and told Jack that they forty thousand Frenchmen was pretty nigh a month afore they could git the innimy's breeches, which, considerin' as Dutchmen has got tolerably large ones, and the Frenchmen is generally nothin' but skinny rips, we thought wos onaccountable strange. The sarjent he sackered a good deal, and Jack said it was quite true; so I suppose it *wos*. Arter we'd walked round the ramperts and parrypets, and seen the demnyloons and the kivered ways, wot han't got no kiverin' to 'em at all, we went down to the cabbery, or canteen, as stands in the middle of the fortification, and had a 'snaps' with the sarjent, whose perqu'site it is to sell liquors;—a 'snaps,' you know, is Dutch for 'summut short,' 'cause it's snapped up in no time, for the glasses warn't bigger nor thimbles. Then he took us to see the bum-proof, where General Chass lived durin' the siege, when the red-hot balls used to rattle about his head mornin', noon, and night. It warn't so big as a two-stall stable; but he must have been oncommon fond of n'ise and smoke to have stayed there as long as he did. They say he'd have stayed till now if the powder magazine hadn't been blowed up; but when his ammynition was gone, why, he couldn't do no otherwise than give in. Some people says he was a hobstinate old dog; but wot's the use o' givin' orders if they're not to be obeyed? It's like my keepin' my time; I *could* stop at Henley or Maidenhead longer than I do, both up and down; but wot does my orders say? 'there's your time, and there you must be.'"

"You're quite right, and General Chassé acted, no doubt, on the principle."

"Most like he did; and so does we. Well, sir, when we'd seen the sittydell, we held a sort of counsel of war as to where we should go next; so Jack he said there wos a fair a-bein' held a little ways outside the town, if we wos agreeable to go,—a Queer Mess he said it was. So back we goes to the Place Wert, and there we hires three carri'ges, and crams ourselves into 'em. Jem Worritt he wanted to drive one on 'em; but we perswaded him not to bemean hisself by drivin' sich things as they wos; so inside we went, like gen'l'men all right. We warn't long a goin', though the cattle *wos* rum uns to look at; but arter raythen more joltin' than was good for the springs, we got to the garden where this 'ere Queer Mess was to be. They made us pay two frongs a-piece for admission, and in we walked, and lots of music, and dancin', and singin' there wos surely. The Hantwerp ladies is nice creeturs, sir; werry plump and round built, with plenty of forehand and good goers: they gits over the ground oncommon quick, and then they dresses so neat, with nice shoes and stockin's, and black wales, and werry clean made they are."

"And did you dance?"

"Why no, sir, we warn't altogether in dancing trim, and waltzin' didn't agree with most on us; so we amoosed ourselves with lookin' on and larfin at the gals as did'n't understand wot we said. And rare good fun we had, 'specially in the booths, where they wos a servin' out the 'loving beer' as they gives on these occasions. It made Jem Worritt a leetle too loving; for he'd had quite enough shampain at dinner, and he could'n't help putting his arms round a young lady's waist as came dancin' up ag'in him as she was a-goin' the round a-waltzin'. Her partner, a tall whiskered chap, he looks werry black at Jem, and sackers at him, and says, 'God dam,' and somethin' about John Bull. So Jem he ups with his fist, and was jest a-goin to let drive in a way as would have spilt his beauty for a week of Sundays, when some on us interferes and lugs Jem away, and perswades him to keep hisself quiet, for we didn't go there for to misbehave ourselves; and so we told him."

"And did you remain late?"

"We stopped till the fireworks was all over, and then, when the most genteelest of the company went away, we went too; for we couldn't afford to be out all night, as we wos a-goin' away ag'in the next mornin' by the same steamer as brought us. So about ten o'clock we gits back to the Grand Buff and has some supper,—not werry onsimilar to the dinner; and arter a glass or two o' brandy and water, we wos a-thinkin' o' turnin' in, and told Jack to ask where our beds wos. And what do you think? Why, thom Cabberies ain't a-got no beds in 'em—leastways for so many as we wos."

"What did you do then? how did you manage?"

"Why, sir, you know there's a sayin' about 'needs must;' so, as we couldn't git any beds, we resolved to do without 'em, and make a night on it for once and away. So we told Jack to order us in lots of brandy, and gin, and cigars, and there we sat, singin' 'Rule Britany' and 'God save the Queen' all the blessed night, and drinkin' the healths of Gineral Chass, and Mr. Roobins, and the governor, and the pretty girls of Hantwerp, till all was bloo. I'm blessed if they ever had sich a time of it at the Grand Buff afore, and p'raps it'll be long enough afore they have ag'in. But I say, this 'ere rain won't do, sir; we change osses directly, and then I should recommend you to go inside, for it's likely to be a wet night."

D. C.

Bentley's Miscellany for December.

* *Query*—Quintin Motsys.
† Probably Jaques.

* Lilienhock and Liefenshock.
† St. Jaques.
‡ Osterlings—the Hall of Commerce.
§ "Limbeck."

THE PAINTER'S BARGAIN.

COMMUNICATED BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

(*Private.*)

[MY DEAR REGINA,—Mr. Richard Tinto, jun. (whose works I am preparing for publication) is the author of the accompanying story; which, as it contains some very fine morality and sound information, may not inappropriately figure in the pages of your Magazine. Mr. Tinto's works amount altogether to about three hundred volumes; and, as it is our intention to publish these at intervals, we are glad to throw off a few samples in the Magazine, that the public may be induced to buy the whole stock. I am, my dear REGINA (for self and friend)

Your faithful Servant and Contributor,
MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.]

Simon Gambouge was the son of Solomon Gambouge; and, as all the world knows, both father and son were astonishingly clever fellows at their profession. Solomon painted landscapes, which nobody bought; and Simon took a higher line, and painted portraits to admiration, only nobody came to sit to him.

As he was not gaining five pounds a-year by his profession, and had arrived at the age of twenty, at least, Simon determined to better himself by taking a wife,—a plan which a number of other wise men adopt, in similar years and circumstances. So Simon prevailed upon a butcher's daughter (to whom he owed considerably for cutlets) to quit the meat-shop and follow him. Griskinissa—such was the fair creature's name—was as lovely a bit of mutton, her father said, as ever a man would wish to stick a knife into. She had sat to the painter for all sorts of characters; and the curious who possess any of Gambouge's pictures will see her as Venus, Minerva, Madonna, and in numberless other *characters*; portrait of a lady—Griskinissa; sleeping nymph—Griskinissa, *without a rag of* clothes, lying in a forest; maternal solicitude—Griskinissa *again, with young* Master Gambouge, who was by this time the offspring of their *affections*.

The lady brought the painter a handsome little fortune of a couple of hundred pounds; and as long as this sum lasted no woman could be more lovely or loving. But want began speedily to attack their little household; bakers' bills were unpaid; rent was due, and the reckless landlord gave no quarter; and, to crown the whole, her father, unnatural butcher! suddenly stopped the supplies of mutton-chops, and swore that his daughter, and the dauber her husband, should have no more of his wares. At first they embraced tenderly, and, kissing and crying over their little infant, vowed to Heaven that they would do without; but in the course of the evening Griskinissa grew peckish, and poor Simon pawned his best coat.

When this habit of pawning is discovered, it appears to the poor a kind of Eldorado. Gambouge and his wife were so delighted that they, in the course of a month, made away with her gold chain, her great warming-pan, his best crimson plush inexpressibles, two wigs, a washhand-basin and ewer, fire-irons, window-curtains, crockery and arm-chairs. Griskinissa said, smiling, that she had found a second father in *her uncle*,—a base pun, which shewed that her mind was corrupted, and that she was no longer the tender, simple Griskinissa of other days.

I am sorry to say that she had taken to drinking; she swallowed the warming-pan in the course of three days, and fuddled herself one whole evening with the crimson plush breeches.

Drinking is the devil—the father, that is to say, of all vices. Griskinissa's face and her mind grew ugly together; her good humor changed to bilious, bitter discontent; her pretty, fond epithets, to foul abuse and swearing; her tender blue eyes grew watery and blear, and the peach color on her cheeks fled from its old habitation, and crowded up into her nose, where, with a number of pimples, it stuck fast. Add to this a dirty, draggletailed chintz, long matted hair wandering into her eyes, and over her lean shoulders, which were once so snowy, and you have the picture of drunkenness and Mrs. Simon Gambouge.

Poor Simon, who had been a gay, lively fellow enough in the days of his better fortune, was completely cast down by his present ill-luck, and cowed by the ferocity of his wife. From morning till night the neighbors could hear this woman's tongue, and understand her doings; bellows went skimming across the room, chairs were flumped down on the floor, and poor Gambouge's oil and varnish-pots went clattering through the windows or down the stairs. The baby roared all day; and Simon sat pale and idle in a corner, taking a small sup at the brandy-bottle, when Mrs. Gambouge was out of the way.

One day, as he sat disconsolately at his easel, furbishing up a picture of his wife in the character of Peace, which he had commenced a year before, he was more than ordinarily desperate, and cursed and swore in the most pathetic manner. "Oh, miserable fate of genius!" cried he, "was I, a man of such commanding talents, born for this? to be bullied by a fiend of a wife; to have my masterpieces neglected by the world, or sold only for a few pieces. Cursed be the love which has misled me, cursed be the art which is unworthy of me! Let me dig, or steal, let me sell myself as a soldier, or sell myself to the devil, I should not be more wretched than I am now!"

"Quite the contrary," cried a small, cheery voice.

"What!" cried Gambouge, trembling, and surprised. "Who's there—where are you—who are you?"

"You were just speaking of me," said the voice.

Gambouge held in his left hand his palette, in his right hand a bladder of crimson lake, which he was about to squeeze out upon the mahogany. "Where are you!" cried he again.

"S-q u-e-e-z-e!" exclaimed the little voice.

Gambouge picked out the nail from the bladder, and gave a squeeze; when, as sure as I am living, a little imp spirted out from the hole upon the palette, and began laughing in the most singular and oily manner.

When first born, he was little bigger than a tadpole; then he grew to be as big as a mouse, then he arrived at the size of a cat, and then he jumped off the palette, and, turning head over heels, asked the poor painter what he wanted with him.

* * * * * *

The strange little animal twisted head over heels, and fixed himself at last upon the top of Gambouge's easel,—smearing out with his heels all the white and vermillion which had just been laid on to the allegoric portrait of Mrs. Gambouge.

"What!" exclaimed Simon, is it the ——"

"Exactly so; talk of me, you know, and I am always at hand: besides, I am not half so black as I am painted, as you will see when you know me a little better."

"Upon my word," said the painter, "it is a very singular surprise which you have given me. To tell truth, I did not even believe in your existence."

The little imp put on a theatrical air, and, with one of Macready's best looks, said,—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Gambogio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Gambouge being a Frenchman, did not understand the quotation, but felt somehow strangely and singularly interested in the conversation of his new friend.

Diabolus continued. "You are a man of merit, and want money; you will starve on your merit—you can only get money from me. Come, my friend, how much is it? I ask the easiest interest in the world; old Mordecai, the usurer, has made you pay twice as heavily before now: nothing but the signature of a bond, which is a mere ceremony, and the transfer of an article which in itself is a supposition—a valueless, windy, uncertain property of yours, called by some poet of your own, I think, an *animula vagula, blandula;* bah! there is no use beating about the bush—I mean *a soul.* Come, let me have it: you know you will sell it some other way, and not get such good pay for your bargain!" and, having made this speech, the devil pulled out from his fob a sheet as big as a double *Times*, only there was a different *stamp* in the corner.

It is useless and tedious to describe law documents—lawyers only love to read them; and they have as good in Chitty as any that are to be found in the devil's own—so nobly have the apprentices emulated the skill of the master. Suffice it to say, that poor Gambouge read over the paper and signed it. He was to have all he wished for seven years, and at the end of that time was to become the property of the ——; PROVIDED that, during the course of the seven years, every single wish which he might form should be gratified by the other of the contracting parties—otherwise, the deed became null and non-avenue, and Gambouge should be left "to go to the —— his own way."

"You will never see me again," said Diabolus, in shaking hands with poor Simon, on whose fingers he left such a mark as is to be seen at this day—"never, at least, unless you want me, for everything you ask will be performed in the most quiet and every-day manner: believe me, it is best and most gentlemanlike, and avoids anything like scandal. But if you set me about anything which is extraordinary and out of the course of nature, as it were, come I must, you know, and of this you are the best judge." So saying, Diabolus disappeared; but whether up the chimney, through the keyhole, or by any other aperture or contrivance, nobody knows. Simon Gambouge was left in a fever of delight, as, Heaven forgive me! I believe many a worthy man would be if he were allowed an opportunity to make a similar bargain.

"Heigho!" said Simon, "I wonder whether this be a reality or a dream. I am sober, I know; for who will give me credit for the means to be drunk? and as for sleeping, I'm too hungry for that. I wish I could see a capon and a bottle of white wine."

"Monsieur Simon!" cried a voice on the landing-place.

"*C'est ici,*" quoth Gambouge, hastening to open the door. He did so; and lo! there was a *restaurateur's* boy at the door, supporting a tray, a tin covered dish, and plates on the same; and by its side a tall, amber-colored flask of Sauterne.

"I am the new boy," exclaimed this youth on entering; "but I believe this is the right door, and you asked for these things."

Simon grinned, and said, "Certainly, I did *ask for* these things." But such was the effect which his interview with the demon had had on his innocent mind, that he took them, although he knew that they were for old Simon, the Jew dandy, who was mad after an opera girl, and lived on the floor beneath.

"Go, my boy," he said; "it is good: call in a couple of hours, and remove the plates and glasses."

The little waiter trotted down stairs, and Simon sat greedily down to discuss the capon and the white wine. He bolfed the legs, he devoured the wings, he cut every morsel of flesh from the breast—seasoning his repast with pleasant draughts of wine, caring nothing for the inevitable bill which was to follow all.

"Ye gods!" said he, as he scraped away at the backbone, "what a dinner! what wine!—and how gaily served up too!" There were silver forks and spoons, and the remnants of the fowl were upon a silver dish. "Why, the money for this dish and these spoons," cried Simon, "would keep me and Mrs. G. for a month! I WISH"—and here Simon whistled, and turned round to see that nobody was peeping—"I wish the plate were mine."

O the horrid progress of the devil! "Here they are," thought Simon to himself; "why should not I *take them?*" And take them he did. "Detection," said he, "is not so bad as starvation; and I would as soon live at the galleys as live with Madame Gambouge."

So Gambouge shovelled dish and spoons into the flap of his surtout, and ran down stairs as if the devil were behind him—as indeed he was.

He immediately made for the house of his old friend the pawnbroker—that establishment which is called in France the Mont de Pieté. "I am obliged to come to you again, my old friend," said Simon, "with some family plate, of which I beseech you to take care."

The pawnbroker smiled as he examined the goods. "I can give you nothing upon them," said he.

"What!" cried Simon, "not even the worth of the silver!"

"No; I could buy them at that price at the Café Morisot, Rue de la Verrerie, where I suppose you got them a little cheaper." And so saying, he shewed to the guilt-stricken Gambouge how the name of that coffee-house was inscribed upon every one of the articles which he had wished to pawn.

The effects of conscience are dreadful indeed! Oh, how fearful is retribution, how deep is despair, how bitter is remorse for crime—*when crime is found out!*—otherwise, conscience takes matters much more easily. Gambouge cursed his fate, and swore henceforth to be virtuous.

"But hark ye, my friend," continued the honest broker, "there is no reason why, because I cannot lend upon these things, I should not buy them—they will do to melt, if for no other purpose. Will you have half the money?—speak, or I peach."

Simon's resolves about virtue were dissipated instantaneously. "Give me half," he said, "and let me go. What scoundrels are these pawnbrokers!" ejaculated he, as he passed out of the accursed shop, "seeking every pretext to rob the poor man of his hard-won gain."

When he had marched forwards for a street or two, Gambouge counted the money which he had received, and found that he was in possession of no less than a hundred francs. It was night as he reckoned out his equivocal gains, and he counted them at the light of a lamp. He looked up at the lamp, in doubt as to the next course he should pursue. Upon it were inscribed the simple numbers, 152. "A gambling-house," thought Gambouge. "I WISH I had half the money that is now on the table up-stairs."

He mounted, as many a rogue has done before him, and found half a hundred persons busy at a table of *rouge et noir.* Gambouge's five napoleons looked insignificant by the side of the heaps which were around him; but the effects of the wine, of the theft, and of the detection by the pawnbroker, were upon him, and he threw down his capital stoutly upon the OO.

It is a dangerous spot that OO, or double zero; but to Simon it was more lucky than to the rest of the world. The ball went spinning round—in "its predestined circle rolled," as Shelley has it, after Goethe—and plumped down at last in the double zero. One hundred and thirty-five gold napoleons (louis they were then) were counted out to the delighted painter. "Oh, Diabolus!" cried he, "now I begin to believe in thee! Don't talk about merit," he cried; "talk about fortune. Tell me not about heroes for the future—tell me of *zeroes.*" And down went twenty napoleons more upon the O.

The devil was certainly in the ball: round it twirled, and dropped into zero as naturally as a duck pops its head into a pond. Our friend received five hundred pounds for his stake; and the croupiers and lookers-on began to stare at him.

There were twelve thousand pounds upon the table. Suffice it to say that Simon won half, and retired from the Palais Royal with a thick bundle of bank-notes crammed into his dirty three-cornered hat. He had been but half an hour in the place, and he had won the revenues of a prince for half a year!

Gambouge, as soon as he felt that he was a capitalist, and that he had a stake in the country, discovered that he was an altered man. He repented of his foul deed, and his base purloining of restaurateur's plate. "Oh, honesty!" he cried, "how unworthy is an action like this of a man who has a property like mine!" So he went back to the pawnbroker with the gloomiest face imaginable. "My friend," said he, "I have sinned against all that I hold most sacred; I have forgotten my family and my religion. Here is thy money. In the name of Heaven, restore me the plate which I have wrongfully sold thee!"

But the pawnbroker grinned, and said, "Nay, Mr. Gambouge, I will sell that plate for a thousand francs to you, or I never will sell it at all."

"Well," cried Gambouge, "thou art an inexorable ruffian, Troisboules; but I will give thee all I am worth," And here he produced a billet of five hundred francs. "Look," said he, "this money is all I own; it is the payment of two years' lodging. To raise it I have toiled for many months; and, failing I have been a criminal. O Heaven! I *stole* that plate, that I might pay my debt, and keep my dear wife from wandering houseless. But I cannot bear this load of ignominy—I cannot suffer the thought of this crime. I will go to the person to whom I did wrong. I will starve, I will confess; but I will, I *will* do right!"

The broker was alarmed. "Give me thy note," he cried; "here is the plate."

"Give me an acquittal first," cried Simon, almost broken-hearted; "sign me a paper, and the money is yours." So Troisboules wrote according to Gambouge's dictation,—"Received, for 13 ounces of plate, twenty pounds."

"Monster of iniquity!" cried the painter, "fiend of wickedness! thou art caught in thine own snares. Hast thou not sold me five pounds worth of plate for twenty? Have I it not in my pocket? Art thou not a convicted dealer in stolen goods? Yield, scoundrel, yield thy money, or I will bring thee to justice!"

The frightened pawnbroker bullied and battled for a while, but he gave up his money at last, and the dispute ended. Thus it will be seen that Diabolus had rather a hard bargain in the wily Gambouge. He had taken a victim prisoner, but he had caught a Tartar. Simon now returned home, and, to do him justice, paid the bill for his dinner, and restored the plate.

* * * * * *

And now I may add (and the reader should ponder upon this, as a profound picture of human life), that Gambouge, now he had grown rich, grew likewise abundantly moral. He was a most exemplary father. He fed the poor and was loved by them. He scorned a base action. And I have no doubt that Mr. Thurtell, or the late lamented Mr. Greenacre, in similar circumstances, would have acted like the worthy Simon Gambouge.

There was but one blot upon his character—he hated Mrs. Gam. worse than ever. As he grew more benevolent, she grew more virulent: when he went to plays, she went to bible societies, and *vice versa;* in fact, she led him such a life as Xantippe led Socrates, or as a dog leads a cat in the same kitchen. With all his fortune—for, as may be supposed, Simon prospered in all worldly things—he was the most miserable dog in the whole city of Paris. Only in the point of drinking did he and Mrs. Simon agree; and for many years, and during a considerable number of hours in each day, he thus dissipated partially his domestic chagrin. Oh, philosophy! we may talk of thee: but, except at the bottom of the wine-cup, where thou liest like truth in a well, where shall we find thee?

He lived so long, and in his worldly matters prospered so much, there was so little sign of devilment in the accomplishment of his wishes, and the increase of his prosperity, that Simon at the end of six years began to doubt whether he had made any such bargain at all as that which we have described at the commencement of this history. He had grown, as we said, very pious and moral. He went regularly to mass, and had a confession into the bargain. He resolved, therefore, to consult his reverend confessor, and to lay before him the whole matter.

"I am inclined to think, holy sir," said Gambouge, after he had concluded his history, and shewn how, in some miraculous way, all his desires were accomplished, "that, after all, this demon was no other than the creation of my own brain, heated by the effects of that bottle of wine, the cause of my crime and my prosperity."

The confessor agreed with him, and they walked out of church comfortably together, and entered afterwards a *café,* where they sate down to refresh themselves after the fatigues of their devotion.

A respectable old gentleman, with a number of orders at his button-hole, presently entered the room, and sauntered up to the marble table, before which reposed Simon and his clerical friend. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, as he took a place opposite them, and began reading the papers of the day.

"Bah!" said he, at last; "sont-ils grands ces journaux Anglais? Look, sir," he said, handing over an immense sheet of the *Times* to Mr. Gambouge, "was ever anything so monstrous?"

Gambouge smiled politely, and examined the proffered page. "It is enormous," he said; "but I do not read English."

"Nay," said the man with the orders, "look closer at it, Signor Gambouge; it is astonishing how easy the language is."

Wondering, Simon took the sheet of paper. He turned pale as he looked at it, and began to curse the ices and the waiter. "Come, M. l'Abbe," he said; "the heat and glare of this place are intolerable."

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The stranger rose with them. "Au plaisir de vous revoir, mon cher Monsieur," said he; "I do not mind speaking before the abbe here, who will be my very good friend one of these days; but I thought it necessary to refresh your memory concerning our little business transaction six years since; and could not exactly talk of it *at church,* as you may fancy."

Simon Gambouge had seen, in the double-sheeted *Times*, the paper signed by himself, which the little devil had pulled out of his fob.

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There was no doubt on the subject; and Simon, who had but a year to live, grew more pious and more careful than ever. He had consultations with all the doctors of the Sorbonne, and all the lawyers of the Palais. But his magnificence grew as wearisome to him as his poverty had been before; and not one of the doctors whom he consulted could give him a pennyworth of consolation.

Then he grew outrageous in his demands upon the devil, and put him to all sorts of absurd and ridiculous tasks; but they were all punctually performed, until Simon could invent no new ones, and the devil sate all day with his hands in his pockets doing nothing.

One day Simon's confessor came bounding into the room with the greatest glee. "My friend," said he, "I have it! Eureka!—I have found it. Send the Pope a hundred thousand crowns, build a new Jesuit college at Rome, give a hundred gold candlesticks to St. Peter's, and tell his Holiness you will double all if he will give you absolution!"

Gambouge caught at the notion, and hurried off a courier to Rome, *ventre à terre.* His Holiness agreed to the request of the petition, and sent him an absolution, written out with his own fist, and all in due form.

"Now," said he, "foul fiend, I defy you! arise, Diabolus! your contract is not worth a jot: the Pope has absolved me, and I am safe on the road to salvation." In a fervor of gratitude he clasped the hand of his confessor, and embraced him: tears of joy ran down the cheeks of these good men.

They heard an inordinate roar of laughter, and there was Diabolus sitting opposite to them, holding his sides, and lashing his tail about, as if he would have gone mad with glee.

"Why," said he, "what nonsense is this! do you suppose I care about *that?*" and he tossed the Pope's missive into a corner. "M. l'Abbe knows," he said, bowing and grinning, "that though the Pope's paper may pass current *here,* it is not worth twopence in our country. What do I care about the Pope's absolution? you might just as well be absolved by your under butler."

"Egad!" said the abbe, "the rogue is right—I quite forgot the fact, which he points out clearly enough."

"No! no, Gambouge," continued Diabolus, with horrid familiarity, "go thy ways, old fellow, that *cock won't fight;*" and he retired up the chimney, chuckling at his wit and his triumph. Gambouge heard his tail scuttling all the way up, as if he had been a sweeper by profession.

Simon was left in that condition of grief in which, according to the newspapers, cities and nations are found—when a murder is committed, or a lord ill of the gout—a situation, we say, more easy to imagine than to describe.

To add to his woes, Mrs. Gambouge, who was now first made acquainted with his compact, and its probable consequences, raised such a storm about his ears, as made him wish almost that his seven years were expired. She screamed, she scolded, she swore, she wept, she went into such fits of hysterics, that poor Gambouge, who had completely knocked under to her, was worn out of his life. He was allowed no rest, night or day: he moped about his fine house solitary and wretched, and cursed his stars that he had ever married the butcher's daughter.

It wanted six months of the time.

A sudden and desperate resolution seemed all at once to have taken possession of Simon Gambouge. He called his family and his friends together—he gave one of the greatest feasts that ever was known in the city of Paris—he gaily presided at one end of his table, while Mrs. Gam., splendidly arrayed, gave herself airs at the other extremity.

After dinner, using the customary formula, he called upon Diabolus to appear. The old ladies screamed, and hoped he would not appear naked; the young ones tittered, and longed to see the monster; everybody was pale with expectation and affright.

A very quiet, gentlemanly man, neatly dressed in black, made his appearance, to the surprise of all present, and bowed all round to the company. "I will not shew my *credentials,*" he said, blushing, and pointing to his hoofs, which were cleverly hidden by his pumps and shoe-buckles, "unless the ladies absolutely wish it; but I am the person you want, Mr. Gambouge; pray tell me what is your will.

"You know," said that gentleman, in a stately and determined voice, "that you are bound to me, according to our agreement, for six months to come."

"I am," replied the new comer.

"You are to do all that I ask, whatsoever it may be, or you forfeit the bond which I gave you?"

"It is true."

"You declare this before the present company?"

"Upon my honor as a gentleman," said Diabolus, bowing, and laying his hand upon his waistcoat.

A whisper of applause ran round the room: all were charmed with the bland manners of the fascinating stranger.

"My love," continued Gambouge, mildly addressing his lady, "will you be so polite as to step this way? You know I must go soon, and I am anxious, before this noble company, to make a provision for one who, in sickness as in health, in poverty as in riches, has been my truest and fondest companion."

Gambouge mopped his eyes with his handkerchief—all the company did likewise. Diabolus sobbed audibly, and Mrs. Gambouge sidled up to her husband's side, and took him tenderly by the hand. "Simon!" said she, tenderly, "and do you really love your Griskinissa?"

Simon continued solemnly: "Come hither, Diabolus; you are bound to obey me in all things for the six months during which our contract has to run; take, then, Griskinissa Gambouge, live alone with her for half a year, never leave her from morning till night, obey all her caprices, follow all her whims, and listen to all the abuse which falls from her infernal tongue. Do this, and I ask no more of you; I will deliver myself up at the appointed time."

Not Lord Glenelg, when flogged by Lord Brougham in the House—not Mr. Cartlitch, of Astley's Amphitheatre, in his most pathetic passages, could look more crest-fallen, and howl more hideously, than Diabolus did now. "Take another year, Gambouge," screamed he—"two more, ten more, a century, roast me on Lawrence's gridiron, boil me in holy water, but don't ask that; don't, don't bid me live with Mrs. Gambouge!"

Simon smiled sternly. "I have said it," he cried; "do this, or our contract is at an end."

The devil at this grinned so horribly that every drop of beer in the house turned sour: he gnashed his teeth so frightfully, that every person in the company well nigh fainted with the cholic. He slapped down the great parchment upon the floor, trampled upon it madly, and lashed it with his hoofs and his tail: at last, spreading out a mighty pair of wings, as wide as from here to Regent-street, he slapped Gambouge with his tail over one eye, and vanished abruptly through the key-hole.

Gambouge screamed with pain and started up. "You drunken, lazy scoundrel!" cried a shrill and well-known voice, "you have been asleep these two hours;" and here he received another terrific box on the ear.

It was too true, he had fallen asleep at his work; and the beautiful vision had been dispelled by the thumps of the tipsy Griskinissa. Nothing remained to corroborate his story, except the bladder of lake, and this was spirted all over his waistcoat and breeches.

"I wish," said the poor fellow, rubbing his tingling cheeks, "that dreams were true;" and he went to work again at his portrait.

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My last accounts of Gambouge are, that he has left the arts, and is footman in a small family. Mrs. Gam. takes in washing; and it is said that her continual dealings with soapsuds and hot water have been the only things in life which have kept her from spontaneous combustion. Fraser's Magazine.

A PRIZE POEM.

Gentle reader, do you know what it is to feel that you are gifted beyond the lot of mortals—that the fire of genius sends the blood hot through your veins, only to be chilled by the contumely and cold ignorance of the world? If you do, then hail us your fellow, as well as the friend of your kind. Night after night do you consume the lamp, only that your heaven born productions may excite a laugh or sneer, and your bantlings come back to you naked as they went forth, for want of some friendly hand or kindred spirit to usher them into the world. We have in truth, been more "sinned against than sinning" in this respect, for since we have been an editor, many a gem have we brought forth from the rubbish that embedded it—many a fallen star have we replaced in the village galaxy of poets, many a name have we immortalized, and many an author made happy; but still the brilliancy of our planet is obscured. It will not be long so, though, for we have learned a secret, which will be found in the following delectable extract from the history of "Peter the Headstrong," and which we commend to your attention:—

"'I doubt much,' said Peter Stuyvesant, 'that thou art some scurvy costard-monger knave—how didst thou acquire this paramount honor and dignity?'

"'Marry, sir,' replied the other, 'like many a great man before me, simply by *sounding my own trumpet.*'"

Thus spoke the redoubtable Dutch governor of a famous Dutch city not a thousand years ago, to one Anthony Van Corlear, and thus was he answered, which answer has brought us to the conclusion, that if a man wishes people to hear him, or of him, he must make a devil of a noise, or in other words must "blow his own trumpet;" and we have now sat ourselves down for a blast that for sweetness and melancholy would bring tears into the eyes of a "hired mourner," without the assistance of Weathersfield Onions. But we have a word or two to say by way of explanation before we *begin*—the Lord knows how many we may say before *ending*—our stories. Some years ago, away in Pennsylvania, the editor of a blue 8 by 10 newspaper offered a prize of $10 for the *best* poem on any *original* subject, that might be offered within a given time, and knowing that poet-try was our *forte*, down we sat and concocted a dose that you will all agree, kind patrons, is worth more than *ten dollars* in any country. And what do you think was our reward for this specimen of the "*true blue?*" Why a very polite request from the demi-savage conductor of the dirty little thumb paper, that we would follow the example of our hero, who suspended animation by a perpendicular elevation of his precious body some two or three feet above *terra firma,* or, to speak plainly, *hung himself.* This barbarous blow "cut us down," which was more than any one did for "poor John Cole;" and had it not been for certain circumstances the world would never have been enlightened by our subsequent productions. They say, however, that as the world grows older, it gets better and wiser, and to test the truth of this axiom, we now submit to the impartial verdict of an impartial community

A BALLAD

Upon the untimely death of John Cole (aged 37 years, 7 months, and 7 days, exactly), which it is hoped will induce profitable reflection in the minds of my young readers, and lead them in the path in which they should go.

It was the hour of midnight, dread—
An hour dark and fearful—
When poor John Cole, getting out of his bed,
Walked slowly into his own cow shed,
And bolted the door very *keer*-ful.

John Cole then spoke to his favorite cow,
A cow that was white and red—
Says he "I'm climbing up to the mow,
Never more to come down alive, I trow—
I'm going to do myself dead."

John Cole then raised his voice and wept,
(And "Brindle" she wept too,)
For in the house his sweet wife slept,
Near to the cupboard where the liquor was kept—
The genuine "mountain dew."

John Cole was young and he was strong,
And he thought it hard to die;
But he had lived on credit so long
That his "say so" was not a worth a song,—
The grocers said he'd lie.

John Cole's throat was a thirsty one,
And often it went dry,
For he had a boy that was fond of fun,
Who in the game could give "dad" one—
"More whiskey" was his cry.

A pretty shrew was John Cole's wife,
And many there are like her,
For she'd rather RULE a house in strife
One hour, than SERVE a minute of life—
A perfect petticoat "Lucifer."

John Cole's wife did a daughter hatch
Very much like her "ma;"
For every bite she gave a scratch,
Till poor John's face took only one patch—
She dearly loved her "Pa."

John Cole grew tired of life at last,
As you already know;
So the halter from "Brindle's" neck he cast
And around his own one end made fast—
The rope was made of "tow."

John Cole then up the ladder went,
(About his throat the cord)
Upon the hay his knees he bent,
And his last breath in prayer was spent—
Have mercy on him Lord.

A rafter served him for a beam,
To which he tied the rope,
And then there rose a horrid scream,
With which I'll close this dreadful theme—
Poor Cole's in heaven, I hope. Louisiana Journal.

It is said that the City Council of Boston has passed an ordinance regulating the twist of dogs' tails. N. Y. Atlas.

This is incorrect—the ordinance does not allude to the *twist* of the dogs' tails, but only to their *length.* The committee on "cutting off" and "driving in," it is expected, will report at the next meeting of the City Goverment. It is a *Joint* Committee. Boston Post.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 16, 1839.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With the last number closed the EIGHTH volume of this paper, but in order to perfect arrangements for the commencement of a new one, in a style that will throw the present quite into the shade, we shall publish one more besides the present number, of the usual shape and size, giving an *Index* to the whole in our next. For the new volume of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, the *Ninth*, we have pretty much everything ready; as Baron Pumpolino said, when trying to fit the fairy slipper of Cinderella to the foot of his daughter Thisbe, "*it's on*—it's *almost* on—it's all on *but* the heel!" A new steam-power press is up, founts of new type are laid, linen paper of the finest texture and of immense size, is ready, and our embellishments are out of the artists' hands; but the printing of several thousand impressions from very large Steel Plate Engravings is a process so nice and slow, that in order to supply *all* our subscribers at the same time, we are obliged to delay the publication of the first number of the New Volume for two weeks. It will be issued on the 2d day of March.

News by the Cambridge.

The packet ship *Cambridge*, Capt. BURSLEY, arrived on Tuesday afternoon from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 10th instant. The Cambridge brought intelligence of the most distressing and disastrous character, which produced a feeling throughout the city that we have rarely seen equalled in its intenseness. A tremendous gale or rather hurricane swept over England on the night of the 6th January, and filled the whole coast, as well as the interior, with the most frightful disaster and distress. No less than three of our noble packet ships have yielded to this terrific war of the elements. The *Oxford*, Capt. Rathbone, the *St. Andrew*, Capt. Thompson, and the *Pennsylvania*, Capt. Smith, are lost, or very seriously damaged, and in the case of the latter a frightful loss of life is added to the calamity. Everything that indomitable daring and skilful seamanship could do for the preservation of these vessels, was done by their commanders and crews, and the boldness and perseverance of the American tars on this trying occasion, seems to have been the theme of praise and admiration in England. Capt. Bursley and his gallant crew are spoken of in the highest terms. To their coolness and good conduct is it to be ascribed that she has returned in safety.

The editor of the "Courier" states that he has been informed by Capt. Bursley, that Capt. Smith, of the *Pennsylvania*, so highly esteemed here, not only in his professional character, but in all the relations of life—was killed after his vessel had stranded, by being, whilst on deck, struck by a water-cask, and then washed overboard. We also learn from the same source, that all the cargo of the *St. Andrew*, the ground tier excepted, would be saved, and the vessel got off. That the *Oxford* had received but little damage in the hull, and would also be got off. The ship *Lockwoods*, of this port, apparently filled with passengers, had likewise been driven aground, and though many who were on board have no doubt been saved, the number of those who perished still appears uncertain. The *Cambridge* too, was in imminent danger, and saved only by the excellent seamanship of her commander and officers, to whom all accounts accord the highest praise. Under such circumstances, the presence of Capt. Bursley amongst us, in health and safety, was the subject of general congratulation to his numerous friends.

The passengers who perished on board the *Pennsylvania* were—Edw. L. Parsons, of the firm of Parsons & Hughes; Thos. J. Barrow, china and crockery dealer; Mr. Douglass, carpet dealer, of the firm of Thompson & Co, all of this city, and a gentleman belonging to Carthagena, in New Grenada.

A large amount of property is involved in these unfortunate vessels. The *Pennsylvania*, 800 tons, nearly new, was valued at $70,000, fifty thousand of which are insured. Her freight list amounted to £2700, value one million of dollars, which was only partially insured.

The *Oxford*, valued at $70,000, was insured, and her cargo, the whole of which has been saved in a somewhat damaged condition, was also insured. This ship arrived in the Mersey from New York, on the 6th Jan., the day on which the hurricane commenced its destructive ravages.

The *St. Andrew* has received but trifling injury, and the crew and cargo are saved; the latter, however, is somewhat damaged. The Pennsylvania and St. Andrew were both bound for the West. They had been waiting some days for a favorable wind, and taking advantage of the easterly wind which preceded the tempest, they unhappily became involved in its awful and almost inexpressible horrors. The effects of this hurricane must fall heavily on the insurance offices; but when we compare the loss, however great, with private, heart-rending *bereavements*, it is but as dust in the balance.

The following additional particulars are furnished by private letters:—

The packet ship St. Andrew is ashore about seven miles from Liverpool. No manifest has been received here. The consignees by her are not known. One freight of goods had been got out of her, and had reached Liverpool. Vessels were alongside taking out the balance of her cargo, all of which would be got out in a dangerous state. She has about £2500 frieght list, which is evidence that she is full of goods. The ship is insured here for about $40,000, and $10,000 on freight, which is short of the value on both.

The Oxford's cargo would all be got ashore, and the probability was that the ship would be got off.

The Pennsylvanig is wrecked about twenty miles from Liverpool. It was expected that much of her cargo would be saved. Capt. J. P. Smith, her lamented master, has left a wife and two children. L. B. Blydenburgh, her first mate, lost, has left a large family. Mr. Howard, the second officer, lost, we believe had no family. Mr. Richards, her third officer, is saved.

The Pennsylvania had a full cargo, probably a million and a half in value—her freight list is 2650 pounds sterling.

It appears that for some days previous to the coming on of the storm (Sunday night, Jan. 6th,) at Liverpool, the wind had blown from the west with more than usual violence. On Monday it gradually veered round to the east. Taking advantage of this change, several vessels, which had been wind-bound, left the docks, notwithstanding the thermometer gave some indication, in the falling of the quicksilver, of strong weather. About one o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday, the wind was due west, and the storm, which had been previously assuming a dark and terrific aspect, burst in all its fury. During the night of Tuesday it increased in violence; chimnies were blown down, houses unroofed, and thousands of families were seen, terror-stricken, flying from their tottering habitations to seek a shelter from the relentless fury of the blast. Many persons were buried beneath the ruins of the buildings which the tempest had overthrown.

At the break of day on Tuesday, Bootle Bay, about a mile from Liverpool, presented to the view *fifteen* vessels ashore. H. B. M. Steamer, commanded by Lieutenant Reed, was stranded during the gale; three anchors were thrown out, and a full power of steam applied—yet in spite of these measures the cable snapped, and she was driven before the wind, with her beam-ends on shore. In the midst of this commotion in the elements, the fine packet ship Pennsylvania, her gallant Captain (Smith), and the first and second mate, were consigned to a watery grave. Mr. H. G. Thompson was the only passenger saved—he owed his preservation to a *life preserver*, which supported him when the boat in which he left the Pennsylvania, accompanied by three fellow passengers, who were lost, swamped.

Capt. Rathbone, of the Oxford, writes under date of the 9th Jan., that they had a fine passage out to the mouth of the Mersey, and anchored off Bootle Bay, as the steamer could not tow up the ship in consequence of a strong wind. When the gale came on, Captain Rathbone let go another anchor, but it was of no use, the ship dragged ashore at Bootle Bay, at the mouth of the Mersey, and in a short time either bilged or strained so much that she filled with water, so that it came over the cabin floor two or three feet in the course of half an hour; the sea at the same time making a fair breach over the ship, causing her to strike with great violence. In this condition it was necessary to cut away the masts, when she became quite easy. At low water she was high and dry.

The Cambridge.—Letter to the Editor of the Liverpool "Courier," of Jan. 9th:—

Sir—This noble vessel went out of dock into the river, on Sunday afternoon, preparatory to her voyage to New York; but, owing to the alarming state of the weather, did not proceed to sea, as was intended. She remained at anchor in the river, during Sunday night and Monday morning, biding "the pelting of the pitiless storm;" and early in the morning, she had drifted close to the pier-head, where she was for many hours, in the most perilous situation, as witnessed by thousands of spectators, being in imminent danger of dashing against the pier walls, by which a valuable cargo to the amount of about £300,000 sterling, would have gone to the bottom. In such a predicament, nothing but the utmost exertions could have saved the ship; and Capt. Bursley felt proud to acknowledge that such exertions were used by his officers and crew as saved the vessel from becoming a total wreck.

Capt. Bursley requested me thus to announce the fact, as being highly favorable to the character of the crew, to all of whom he has made presents, thereby testifying, in no doubtful way, the estimation in which he holds their well tried and valuable services, on so very alarming an occasion. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOSEPH GREEN, Waterloo-road.

Want of room prevents our giving further particulars of this awful storm, which extended from Liverpool, nearly across the kingdom.

The Great Western.—The Liverpool "Mail" of the 10th Jan., quoting the last Bristol paper, says, that in consequence of the great height of the tides preventing this steam-ship from being hauled into Pembroke Dock to refit, she would be detained about twelve days beyond the appointed time for sailing. In consequence of the Bristol Dock Company having renewed the demand of tonnage duties on the Great Western, the proprietors of the ship gave notice that the future removal of the ship to Liverpool would be taken into serious consideration.

The Great Western was advertised to sail on the 28th Jan. The detention (from the 19th) was occasioned by the high tides, which prevented her from being hauled into dock to refit. The "*Liverpool*" was to sail on the 5th instant. Of course, if the Great Western sailed on her day, she is now due.

Our letters and parcels having been sent by and lost in the *St. Andrew*, we make no doubt our agent in Liverpool will supply duplicates of the latter by the Western. Very few papers were brought by the *Cambridge*, and no regular files. We are indebted to Mr. GILPIN, of the Merchant's Exchange Reading Room and Ship Letter Office, for the loan of several of the latest London and other journals, from which we make copious extracts.

The marriage of the Queen is the prominent topic of discussion in the English journals. The Dublin Evening Post has the subjoined article on the subject:—

"The following remarkable paragraph appears in a recent number of the Leipsic Gazette: "From the principality of Reuss, Dec. 12. It is here positively affirmed, by eye-witnesses, that an august personage has formally accepted the congratulations offered on the contract of marriage concluded between Queen Victoria, of England, and Duke Albrecht, the second son of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg." Several paragraphs to the same effect have lately been going the round of the German papers, and so much does the belief prevail on the Continent that Duke Albrecht or Albert (for we find the name sometimes written in one way, and sometimes in the other) is destined to the high honor here alluded to, that during his late stay at Munich, he is said to have been courted in every imaginable way by the Royal Family and the diplomatic body. Duke Albert is the second son of the reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, and now in his 21st year, having been born on the 21st August, 1819. In case of the death of his elder brother, Duke Albert would become heir apparent to his father's dukedom, a contingency which, we trust, will be carefully guarded against, if our youthful Sovereign is really disposed to give her hand to the young Duke. Duke Albert is first cousin to Queen Victoria, and to King Ferdinand of Portugal; nephew to the King of the Belgians, and of the Duchess of Kent.

Another candidate for the hand of the young Queen, is Prince George of Cambridge, at whom a correspondent of the Star lets off the following paragraph.—

This youth, now out of England, was a constant visitor behind the scenes of the Italian Opera House. He is a precious lad, for he will not be twenty until March. He is any thing but *distingue* in appearance. His features are rather heavy, and his manners so-so. He talks a great deal—giving out *double entendres* to make the ladies blush or smile. He is no favorite behind the scenes—the females think him stupid, and the men think him troublesome. His usual attire, in the Green Room, is a blue coat, with the crown buttons, (to show he is royal,) white waistcoat, black nethers, and the aforesaid coat made brilliant by having the Star of the Garter embroidered on it in silver. Across the waistcoat he wears the badge, blue ribband, and George. The young Prince perpetually used to be handling the latter, and one who saw him in the Green Room says that it was amusing to see a pale-faced, whey-cheeked lad, talking to every one within eat-shot, and fiddling all the while with the glittering bauble.

Prince George is now on the continent, travelling as the Earl of Culloden. The fact is, he was sent to rusticate, for he was pulling a tight rein, and has managed to get pretty deeply in debt. His usual mode of talking of the Queen was "My cousin Vic." *She* heard of it, and formally reprimanded him for disrespect!

The same letter-writer gives the following items:—

The Queen's patronage of the Italian Opera, in preference to the national theatres, has much excited the indignation of the British public. The idea that the sovereign's tastes are anti-English, is doing much injury to the Queen's popularity. Well, she *is* going to visit one of the great theatres. To see Macready, or Vandenhoff, or Knowles, or Mrs. Ternan, or Mrs. Warner? No!—to Drury Lane, that she may behold the new pantomime, *Jack Frost*, in which Van Amburgh and his beasts exhibit.

Death of L. E. L.—With deep regret I announce that Mrs. Maclean is dead. She is better known as L. E. L. In the summer she was married to Captain George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, on the African coast. Letters had been received from her in which she spoke of herself and her feelings, and her prospects, with great joyousness. She had even sent over some contributions to the New Monthly Magazine—one of which, published this month, has a melancholy interest now, for it speaks her hopes of again meeting her English friends. She died suddenly on October 15, and by a ship which sailed a few days previous, and only arrived one day before that which brought news of her death, had sent home the first volume of a new novel, and the manuscript of a work to be published periodically. Poor thing—she has died too soon.

The papers are filled with the details of the horrible assassination of Nord NORBURY, who was shot while walking on his own demesne. It is impossible to judge from the different accounts whether the murder was committed from motives of private revenge or of a political character. We should, however, incline to the former opinion. An ancestor of his Lordship, if our memory does not deceive us, also came to an untimely end.

A London morning paper alludes in the following flattering terms to a countryman—Capt. BOWELL, who saved the lives of the Captain and part of the crew of the British ship *Esther*:—

The Lord Mayor has received several communication from persons of rank and fortune, amongst the rest from Sir Francis Burdett and his daughter, on the subject of preparing a subscription for a memorial to Capaain Bowell, the American commander of the *Ann Eliza*, who so gallantly and humanely exorted himself to save the lives of the eight seamen, part of the crew of the *Esther*, lost on her voyage to England from Nova Scotia, six or seven weeks ago. We have every reason to suppose that a very substantial testimonial of the feeling of the people of London will soon be proposed, to be presented to the acceptance of the American commander. The two American seamen, too, who swam to the wreck, amidst the fury of the element, with ropes, will not be forgotten.

The "Morning Post" of the 5th contains the following notice of CRAVEN'S new "*Sporting Review*," which makes us still more anxious to see it:—

The Sporting Review, so far as we are able to judge from a first number, promises something very superior to our usual sporting periodicals. *Au premier*—the device on the wrapper is exceedingly good and appropriate, with faults of drawing, perhaps, but as a design, capital. Its grouping is excellent, and it makes altogether as a title to the magazine—a very superior artistical display. The frontispiece is a good line engraving by Parr, after one of Kidd's pictures, entitled "The Student"—the subject in keeping with the character of the work. The opposite engraving is Lord Chesterfield's Don John, the winner of the St. Leger; a copy, if we mistake not, of Herring's picture, as published by Fuller. The literary contents comprise sound, clever articles, headed by good names. Nimrod, as he should be, is first in the field, and we recognize other experienced sporting (not gates but) styles. The author of "Sporting Sketches of America" has a capital paper, from which we give one sentence to indicate the Sam Slick Crockett-sort of humor:—

"'Steward!' 'Sar!' 'Whose over-coat is this in my berth?' 'Judge Jobson, sar.' 'Then take it away directly; but stop, whose cloak is that on the top of my portmanteau?' 'Judge Jobson, sar!' 'Then put it with the coat.' 'Yes, sar.' 'And see here, whose umbrella is this under my pillow?' 'Judge Jobson, sar.' 'And who owns this clothes-basket, and the walking-stick, and a Welsh wig, and a nightcap?' 'All Judge Jobson, sar.' 'Then clear 'em all out before I have time to throw 'em overboard; and tell me, steward, who has the berth above mine?' 'Judge Jobson, sar.' 'Well, I'm glad of that, for he'll have the benefit of hearing that fellow who paced up and down the deck all last night, stamping like a nigger's double shuffle just over my head; do you know who it was?' 'Yes, sar; Judge Jobson, sar.' 'Damn Judge Jobson; why it seems that there is nobody besides Judge Jobson on board, eh?' 'Oh! yes, sar, great many odder gentlemen else.' 'However, take—Oh! bless me! there's somebody tumbled down the cabin-stairs; what a fall!—he must have broken his neck; who is it?' 'Oh, only Judge Jobson, sar.' 'Then, thank God, there's an end of Judge Jobson at last.'"

Lord William Lennox contributes "A Sporting Ramble in the Highlands," and Walter Ellis a Squib upon the Editor's Prospectus. All the technicalities of the periodical are well conducted, and it appears to have good information. We judge well of it at first sight, and recommend its perusal to sporting men.

From the "Morning Herald" of the 8th, the latest London paper, we give the State of the Odds at Tattersalls, and also of the *debut* of a histrionic corps of *Monkeys* in Paris!

The "Courier" of the 27th gives us an account of the first appearance of VESTRIS and CHARLES MATHEWS the previous evening, and the latter's apology for a speech. Here it is:—

OLYMPIC.—The re-appearance of Mr. C. Mathews was the only novelty of "boxing-night" at the Olympic. The innovation on the stage was responded to from the audience department, and the boxing was much less general than of old; the house, indeed, was every way unworthy of the entertainments. Farren's admirable *Mathias*, the old veteran in "Ask no Questions," and Mrs. Orger's no less excellent *German Baroness*, in the same piece; Keeley's inimitable *Brewer of Preston*, the capital scene of the Burlington Arcade, and Charles Mathews in *Captain Patter*, were surely worth a bumper, to say nothing of the natural desire to welcome him, the victim of Yankee prejudice, and an actor whose place, when absent, we have none to fill. Pantomime and prescription, however, had their weight, and the Olympic scale kicked the beam.

The reception of Charles Mathews was as hearty and enthusiastic as the house could make it, and every allusion to his late adventures was heartily cheered, especially the couplet in the quaint song of the "Chronological Barber," when, of the Great Western, he says—

"In which, to pay a visit to the Yankees,
There are many folks who would not give
You two thank ye's;"

and the chorus of "Oh, 'tis an alteration! alteration!" At the end of the piece he was loudly called for and appeared. His purpose was to address a few words to the audience, but either real feeling, or excellent acting of it, prevented him:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I wish to—it is very difficult—I cannot acknowledge as I ought—when insulted and ill-used my words flowed, but here where—pray, excuse me, I cannot speak my feelings—I—that is—you *must* take it for granted;" and after this really eloquent address, he, as with a gush of uncontrollable feeling, dashed through the green curtain and disappeared amid a roar of applause, excited evidently by feelings corresponding with his own. Madame Vestris was in the stage-box, and looked better than we could have expected from the news that preceded her arrival.

The "Morning Chronicle" has tho following paragraph:—

OLYMPIC.—This theatre was last night, Jan. 2, crammed to suffocation; every place had been engaged, the greatar part, for weeks previously, and the appearance of the assemblage seemed to invite the returned favorite to retort the transatlantic question—"What do *you* think of *our* country?"

"The Bengal Tiger" was first dispatched, with many roars, and then came the "Blue Beard" and the Vestris. The greeting was enthusiastic. The audience rose, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, flowers were thrown on the stage, shouts of "Welcome" reiterated, and the scene prolonged until it almost appeared to become oppressive and embarrassing to its object. The applause was renewed on each successive re-appearance, and swelled to its original fervor when she came forward, in compliance with the call of the audience at the close of the burletta.

Unless, as seemed to our distant view, Madame Vestris be somewhat thinner than usual, no alteration is perceptible. Her voice has all its lusciousness, her movements their accustomed grace, and her acting all its fascinating archness.

Mathews has announced a work on the subject of "the infernal Yankees." It is to be entitled "*What do you think of us? or*, An Autumn in America." Really, this boy will be the death of us.

The "Cambridge" brought us a letter from J. S. BALLS, the eminently popular comedian, dated "Theatre Royal Drury Lane, Jan. 8th;" he informs us that he sails for New York in the Great Westorn, so that he may be expected hourly. Which house does he come to?

Tattersall's, Jan. 8.

The room was fully attended yesterday afternoon, and business very animated until after the usual hour of closing the room. Amongst the principal favorites one or two changes will be found; 12 to 1 was taken about Brother to Bay Middleton, 16 to 1 about Flambeau, and 17 to 1 was offered against Ilderim, whose party has fallen off amazingly. Erin go Bragh and The Dey of Algiers were severally backed at 22 to 1 each, the friends of the former being very anxious to "go on" at the same price. A great deal of betting took place about outsiders; Pastille, Cammellius, Peon, Sir Gilbert Heathcote's three, and some others were backed freely, and several attempts made to lay out money on the Honeymoon colt, but nothing done, the bidders having confined themselves to 40 *to* 1. A very busy day closed as follows:—12 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Bro. to Bay Middleton (taken); 16 to 1 agst. Duke of Rutland's Flambeau (taken); 17 *to* 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Ilderim; 20 to 1 agst. Mr. Bowes's Erin go Bragh (take 22 *to* 1); 22 to 1 agst. Colonel Peel's Dey of Algiers (taken); 25 to 1 agst. *Lord Albemarle's Tros*; 28 to 1 agst. Mr. Bowes's Epidaurus (taken); 28 *to* 1 agst. Col. Anson's Zimmerman (taken); 28 to 1 agst. Mr. Bowes's Accelerator (taken); 30 to 1 agst. Mr. Greville's Derrynane; 35 to 1 agst. Mr. Wreford's Wapiti (taken); 35 to 1 agst. Mr. Batson's Brother to Plenipo (taken); 35 to 1 agst. Duke of Richmond's Bulwark (taken); 40 to 1 agst. Mr. Dixon's Camnellius (taken); 40 to 1 agst. Lord Westminster's The Lord Mayor (Honeymoon colt) (take 45 to 1); 45 to 1 agst. Duke of Richmond's Meunier (taken); 50 to 1 agst. Mr. Greatrex's Tontine colt (taken); 50 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's Pastille colt (taken freely); 1,000 to 15 agst. Sir G. Heathcote's Vataincourt (taken); 1,000 to 15 agst. Sir G. Heathcote's Oronooko (taken, and afterwards offered); 1,000 to 15 against Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Chimborazo (taken); 4,000 to 60 against the Duke of Cleveland's Kremlin (taken); 7,000 to 70 against Mr. Worrall's Peon (taken); 2,000 to 10 agst. Mr. Dixon's Hyllus (taken); 2,000 to 10 agst. Mr. Dixon's Mountaineer (taken); 25 to 1 agst. Sir G. Heathcote's lot (taken); 1,500 even on Sir Gilbert's agst. Derrynane (taken); 1,500 even on Derrynane agst. Tontine and Pastille (taken); 1,000 to 800 on Tros agst. Derrynane; 500 to 25 agst. Tontine and Sir G. Heathcote lot (taken); 850 to 50 agst. Wapiti and Bulwark (taken); 700 to 20 agst. Peon and Wapiti (taken); 1,000 to 50 agst. the Dey of Algiers; 4,000 to 100 agst. Bro. to Plenipo; and 2,500 to 50 agst. Pastille (laid in one bet).

The odds quoted against Epidaurus, Zimmerman, and Accelerator, were laid in one bet.

Melton Mowbray, Monday.—The attendance at this fashionable place of winter abode has been fully equal to the general average previous to Christmas. After that festive season is passed, we are calculating on an overflow of distinguished sporting characters; the Lords Suffield and Gardiner's management of the hounds promising to become eminently popular. The following have already taken up their residence in this district:—The Earl and Countess of Wilton, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Norman, Lord and Lady Suffield, Lord and Lady Gardiner; Lords Harborough, Macdonald, Cranstoun, Howth, A. Seymour, Forrester, and Alford; Counts Bathyani and Zichi, the Hon. A. Villiers, Sir J. G. Johnstone (who has taken the house lately occupied by Lord Rokeby), Sir James Musgrove, Sir D. Baird, Bart.; John Moore, W. L. Gilmour, John White, V. Maher, G. Tomtine Fairlie, G. B. Wharton, T. W. Coke, J. Carrington, and J. Hartopp, Esqrs.

ESCAPE OF A TIGER.—On Sunday evening great alarm was experienced in the Commercial-road, Ratcliffe, by the escape of a large tiger from Wombwell's menagerie at Limehouse. It appears that the animal broke loose from its den about half past seven o'clock, and found its way into the Commercial-road, where it was first seen leisurely walking along. Directly afterwards the tiger passed a Mr. Thomas, who lost no time in communicating the circumstance to all the policemen in the vicinity. The tiger, in the meantime, continued his walk along the Commercial-road, and the people flying in great terror on his approach, until he met a large mastiff dog, whom he instantly attacked, striking the dog on the back with his paw, and crushing him with a single blow, and seizing the poor animal with his teeth, threw him into the air. The dog fell lifeless on the ground, and the tiger then continued to amuse himself with the carcase of the animal for some time, running up and down the road with it, until the gate of a garden, opposite a house, having been left open, he entered with his prey, and lay down to devour it. The only person in the house was a servant girl, the family being absent at church, and hearing a noise in the garden, she took a light and went to the door to ascertain the cause. On opening the door several policemen called to her to close it directly, and it was fortunate she did so, for at that moment the tiger was about to spring upon her. He remained in the garden for some time, busily engaged in devouring the dog, until one policeman, more bold than the rest, advanced towards the spot and closed the gate upon it. A stout rope was immediately

procured, and a slip-noose having been made, it was thrown across the animal, which made a sudden spring towards the railing, about six feet in height, separating the garden from the foot-path. In doing so the noose became fastened round the loins of the tiger, and it remained with its head towards the ground, and its loins on the rails, for some time, roaring tremendously, and alarming the whole neighborhood. The mob, which had kept at a respectful distance while the animal was at liberty, now advanced; but although the beast was under some restraint, it struggled violently. One man, an Irish coal-whipper, who got too near, had his cheek torn, and the front of his person severely lacerated. Indeed, so great was the curiosity of the populace, that the police had great difficulty in keeping them beyond the reach of danger, and some fool-hardy, half-drunken Irish ballast-getters and coal-whippers, were with some difficulty restrained from making an attack upon the tiger. The keepers from Wombwell's menagerie at length brought ropes, which they fastened round the tiger, and after a good deal of resistance led him back to his den.

Mr. Van Buren, son of the President of the United States, passed through Dumfries on Saturday, on a visit to St. Mary's Isle, the residence of Lord Selkirk. He was present on Monday at the election of Mr. Murray, for the county of Kirkcudbright. Edinburgh Courant.

Novel Dramatic Company.—A Paris print contains an account of the *debut* which a *Company of Monkeys* has just made at the Cirque Olympic. "Nothing," says our contemporary, "is more ludicrous than their performances. They who want laughter will find enough of it in the quarrel of Mr. Jackson with his three companions, who have dined together, and refuse to pay their respective shares of the bill. Then we have the toilette of Madame Batavia: she is shaved, her stays are laced, her head is decked with an elegant toque and feathers, and thus tastefully attired she departs in a magnificent carriage, drawn by two white poodles, the aforesaid Mr. Jackson acting as coachman, while Mr. Pierrot, clad in a livery, enacts behind the part of an expert footman. To resist the attack upon a fortress by an army of dogs, and its defence by a garrison of apes, is impossible. The latter discharge cannon and howitzers, sustain a fire of musketry, and the dogs rush to the assault, amidst tremendous explosions, the smell of powder, the ramparts falling to ruin, the blowing up of pasteboard towers, and fireworks cracking and blazing on all sides. But what is still more amusing is a Belgian gentleman, the director of this strange company, who thinks himself bound to thank the public in the name of his dogs and monkeys, for its approbation. Dressed in black, with a huge neckcloth, he most gravely comes forward and bows to the floor. When Mr. Jackson has devoured a cake intended for another gentleman, and when Madame Batavia's carriage being upset, her anxiety to conceal her legs, shakes the whole house with roars of laughter."

After Mathews's serious accident, we are told:—"In the intervals of his excessive pains he became even merry and sportive as a child. When he was tired of reading, he would amuse himself with his violin, flute, and flageolet, in turn; and when he heard a visitor approaching, whom he guessed came with a serious face of condolement to his house, expecting to find him in a most wretched state of mind as well as body, he would scrape up a tune after the manner of a blind fiddler at a fair, and welcome the person with all sorts of drollery. A friend one day laughing at his musical vein at such a time, brought him when he next called two other instruments, which he had purchased at the Hyde-Park Fair, held in commemoration of the visit of the illustrious foreigners to England, in order, he said to afford him variety in his practice. These the invalid received with much gravity and affected gratitude. When the donor left him, he applied himself to the study of the Jew's-harp and penny trumpet, in both of which it was his humor to attain a proficiency before the next visit of his friend. His success with the latter instrument was confessed two or three years afterwards by the public, when, in the character of one of the 'Master Dilberrys,' he performed 'God save the King' upon it, and convulsed the audience with laughter. In this manner, propped up in his bed, he cheated his pains, and, I fear, misled his medical men, who probably considered his case less serious from his cheerfulness under it; for how could they be aware that a man so sensitive and restless upon minor matters, could be capable of such endurance of intense suffering? They did not know that one was the triumph of nerves—the other of heart." Memoirs of Mathews.

Lord and Lady Delamere intend giving a series of theatrical fetes and *bal masques*, at Vale Royal, their seat in Cheshire, the second week in the ensuing month.

A well-paid Compliment.—The Emperor Nicholas treated with peculiar kindness Madame Bra, the excellent actress of the Vaudeville theatre, who died lately at St. Petersburg, just as she was preparing to return to France. The Emperor is a very handsome man, six feet high, perfectly made, and of a majestic countenance. One evening he was walking, as he often does, behind the curtain of the French theatre, when he perceived Madame Bra looking at him and smiling. "What makes you laugh?" inquired he.—"Dare not say."—"Come, come, what can you fear? speak out; I promise to receive your communication in all friendliness. Besides, I *will* have you tell me."—"Well, then," said Madame Bra, "I was thinking your person was deucedly well adapted to the part you perform." The Czar was so well pleased, that the next morning she received a pair of rich bracelets from him whose stage measures a sixth part of the terrestrial surface of the globe.

The following anecdotes of Dowton and Bannister at Stratford-on-Avon are very characteristic:—Dowton, too, kicked up a great dust in the house where Shakspeare was born. The old woman who shews it remembered him well. He must have been delirious. He desired to be left alone.—"There, go; I cannot have witnesses; I shall cry; and so—eh? What! the divine Billy was born here, eh? The pride of all nature has been in this room! I must kneel! Leave me! I don't like people to see me cry." While alone, I suppose Shakspeare's spirit appeared and inspired him, for he produced the following couplet, which appears on the wall, where there are ten thousand names written, and five hundred, I think, that I know amongst them:—

"With sacred awe I gaze these walls around,
And tread with reverence o'er this hallowed ground."

Bannister, too, went there, after dinner, for the third time in one day; threw himself upon the bed in which the dear, lying old woman swears Shakspeare was *born*—nay, shews the chair he was nursed in. But Jack threw himself in his drunken raptures on the bed, and nearly smothered two children, who were asleep, till his raptures awoke them." Mathews' Memoirs.

Lady Jockeys and Sportsmen.—The Mirror, in publishing the following, asks—"What are we coming to"—we should reply, "to the end of our *race*."

"Victoria is said to be one of the most accomplished 'lady equestrians' of the day. A letter from Odessa states that her example has excited a passion for horsemanship in the ladies of Lesser Russia, to an extraordinary degree. The writer affirms that there is not a lady in the whole province, with any pretensions to fashion, who, in imitation of her majesty, has not at least one saddle horse, and that some keep as many as six. He adds, 'at the Cherson races of the 7th, all the horses that ran not only belonged to ladies, but were ridden by their owners, dressed in fancy habits, and wearing caps *a la Reine Victoria*. The number of horses entered was no less than eighty, most of them native breeds, which were brought to the course attended by numerous grooms in liveries, gaily decked in gold and silver lace. The first grand prize, a silver cup, valued at 1,500 roubles (about 6,000 francs), was won by Fœdora, a bay mare, belonging to the beautiful Countess Naritschin, and ridden by herself; and the second prize, a pair of silver candlesticks, worth 500 roubles, (about 2,000 francs,) by Boujan, an entire black horse, ridden by Madame Natchajeu, a native of Castellaccio, in Naples."

SUGGESTIONS RELATIVE TO UNIFORM J. C. RULES.

Augusta (Ga.), 30th Jan., 1839.

Wm. T. Porter, Esq.—I submit whether the importance of the subject does not demand that some method should be adopted to establish uniformity in the rules which govern the Turf. The evils arising from the absence of it are many and obvious. My object is not to point them out, but to propose a remedy. Two plans have occurred to me. The first, a convention of delegates from all the Jockey Clubs throughout the land; the next, a system, to be digested by the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." The first would possess some advantages; it would be more generally satisfactory, and the rules being obligatory, would immediately become universal. But the last would not be without its benefits. The known zeal, ability, and impartiality of the Editor would insure for his system the greatest respect. Most of the Clubs about to be formed would adopt it entire, or embrace its leading provisions; many now existing would ingraft portions of it upon their own regulations, and all of them *might be* induced to do so. A partial gain would be better than none at all. In fact, anything would be better than the prevailing confusion. These hints are merely intended to awaken attention to what I conceive to be a very important subject to all persons connected, directly or indirectly, with the American Turf. Yours, respectfully, B. F. T.

Note.—We are greatly flattered by our correspondent's suggestion, but are too sensible of our lack of practical experience and thorough knowledge of the subject to think one moment of complying with it. Besides, a Convention of Delegates from the principal Clubs in the Union would be a thousand times more satisfactory; such a convention would necessarily comprise a degree of intelligence, character, and spirit, which would *entitle* its proceedings to the profound respect of the Sporting World, and any regulation that might be proposed by it would obtain at once general adoption. We very much like the plan of a convention, and shall be happy to be of any service to those who have the scheme at heart.

Reindeer and the *Own Brother to Dr. Syntax* started for Georgia on Thursday last, under the charge of Charles Hood. The latter will be trained; very possibly the former will stand at Macon, the ensuing season. In good hands Reindeer would have been one of the most distinguished race horses at the North; he is a handsome chesnut, about 16 hands high, and very well proportioned; he will be 8 yrs. old in May. His best race was made over the Union Course, L. I., on the 1st June, 1837, when he won the Jockey Club purse for Three mile heats, beating a strong field of the best horses of his day, including *Atalanta*, *Tarquin*, *Bergen*, and *Champagne*. Reindeer, as a 6 yr. old, carried 121 lbs., but won in splendid style in two heats, in the capital time of 5:48½—5:49. Reindeer is own brother to Mr. Walter Livingston's celebrated *Alice Grey*, formerly one of the best racers, and now one of the most valuable brood mares in the country; he was got by Henry, out of Sports'-mistress by Hickory.

The *Brother to Dr. Syntax* (by Eclipse, out of Saluda by Sir Archie,) is a very bloodlike looking 4 yr. old, measuring 15½ hands—a dark chesnut in color, and more symmetrical in his proportions than his brother, the famous *Dr. Syntax*, for whom the late Mr. John C. Craig offered $5000. He was trained for the great $44,000 stake last Spring, and was for a long time one of the most prominent favorites. In his trials he showed a remarkable turn of speed, and had he been brought to the post, would have been the second, if not the first Northern favorite. A few nights before the race was to come off, his stable was broken into, and he was incapacitated from running by some person or persons unknown, and was not started in consequence. In the fall of his 2 yr. old year he was thought by a distinguished Southern turfman the most promising colt at the North, and $2500 was refused for him. Before turning him out, Mr. Wilkes determined to start him for a trifling engagement last Spring, on the Beacon Course. He ran a good 2d both heats to *Zela*, the best 3 yr. old filly at the North, in 1:55 each heat, distancing his other competitor; he has not appeared in public since. On the Friday previous to the race for the great $44,000 stake, he ran a mile trial over the Union Course, *with his shoes on*, in 1:54, carrying his full weight, 90 lbs.

Grasshopper.—The attention of gentlemen desirous of purchasing a fashionably bred and bloodlike looking brood mare of fine size, and whose produce have run without exception, are referred to the advertisement of Grasshopper on the last page.

PENDLETON (S. C.) FALL RACES.

The Annual Races over the Pendleton Course commenced on the 11th Oct., and resulted as follows:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 11, 1838—Purse $——, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo, aged ..... walked over.

FRIDAY, Oct. 12—Purse $——, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's b. c. *Chesapeake*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 4 yrs	1	1
J. Maxwell's gr. f. *Jocasse*, by Redgauntlet, out of Viola by Gallatin, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:08—4:20.

SATURDAY, Oct. 13—Purse $——, conditions as before, Mile heats.

J. Maxwell's b. g. *Hard Times*, by Redgauntlet, dam by Tartar, 5 yrs. 121lbs	1	1
Mr. Davis' b. h. *Madison*, by Madison, dam by Janus, 5 yrs. 123lbs	2	2

Time, 2:06½—2:02½.

The following gentlemen are elected officers for the ensuing year:—Edward Harleston, Esq., President; J. O. Lewis, Esq., Vice President; Jacob Warley, Esq., Sec'y and Treas'r. Jacob Warley.

FLORENCE (Ala.) FALL RACES.

Florence, Dec. 12, 1838.

Mr. Editor,—There was no *regular* racing at our track this year, but we had some militia doings, which I thought you might honor by recording. It was understood that the stables that attended the Tuscumbia Course would travel no further, and retire into winter quarters, and our proprietor offered some small purses for three days for them to close the battle with. The "go" had been pretty well taken out of all of them, but the gentlemen owning the horses concluded to run them, if only for the sport. These gentlemen require no encomium at my hands, but I may be permitted to say, that it is such as them that dignify and support the turf, and more worthy and honorable competitors never contended on one course. Had the blind goddess inflicted $50 000's on one of them I would burn my shirt of a winter's night to make a light to shout by, and so many would join me, you would think a cotton gin was on fire. Woe! come to books.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28, 1838—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	1	1
Davis & Ragland's ch. m. *Piony*, by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas, 5 yrs	1	2	2

Time, 6:16—6:30—6:36.

Piony won the first heat handily, but in the 2d mile of 2d heat gave up suddenly, which her owner attributed to her girths being too tight. About that time a bet of $50 on the race was proposed and accepted between two gentlemen; the proposer further remarked, "Let us make stakes," and both went some short distance to a mutual friend to put up. In the meantime, the position of the horses had changed, and they had run, perhaps, a quarter of a mile in the interval. The gentleman that had proposed the bet then declined staking or making the bet; the other gentleman declared he should claim it. After the race, the money was placed in my hands, and it was referred to me to decide whether it was a bet or not. I decided there was no bet, as in all cases the money must be actually staked, or the making stakes must be distinctly waved, otherwise endless disputes must arise, from vague conversations respecting betting. Had nothing be en said about staking, I should have held it to be a bet; and though I entertain but little doubt that between the parties it was regarded only as an idle ceremony, yet as they attempted it, I could not in the face of facts decide that it was unessential. It approached as near a case to be excepted from the rule as any could be.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29—Purse $——, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

James H. Moore's ch. h. *Sportsman*, by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs	2	1	1
Wm. H. Gee's b. g. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, 4 yrs	3	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Julia Hays*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1	3	dr

Time not given.

Julia Hays won the heat, and pulled up lame; she was started for the 2d heat, but her injury proved serious, and after that she was drawn. I have seen her since, and am happy to find that she will not be disqualified for future fields. The other two horses, Sportsman and Van Buren, might be the same the Virginia trainer had of so equal a speed, that whichever rider put the big key of the stable in his pocket when they locked up and went to the track to exercise, was sure to be beaten in the brush. I saw them run four miles out at Tuscumbia nearly at a dead lock, both tired together, and staggered out two feet apart. Van's rider had fattened since then, and he carried 2 lbs. over, so the Loco-Foco was placed a little further back.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30—Purse $——, conditions as before, Mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Victoria*, by Eclipse, out of Catherine Warren by Virginian, 5 yrs	2	1	1
J. H. Moore's ch. f. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	3	3	2
Davis & Ragland's b. f. *Salæratus*, by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas, 3 yrs	1	2	dis

Time not given.

The purse this day was $000; the proprietor had over night got into a bad snap at three up, and dropped his kit. It was only a slight touch of the Subtreasury epidemic. However, he said he had placed it in the hands of a *Stenart*. The sport, notwithstanding, was very good. Messrs. Davis and Ragland to-day sailed smack into Charybdis; the girth was so loose, that their rider could not support his mare, retaining his seat with difficulty; consequently she tired and gave up.

Our meeting was noted for the re-appearance of your favorite Picton; our track being among the softest in the Union, he commenced galloping exercise on it; his injured limb seemed quite restored, and his trainer had every confidence in it; his injured limb seemed quite restored, and his trainer had every confidence in it; his injured limb seemed quite restored, and his trainer had every confidence in

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING RACES over this Course will commence on the Second Tuesday, 14th May, (it being the week following the Washington City Races,) and continue four days

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $259 ft., —— heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names paoduce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Flirtilla.
12. Also, produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. Wm R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Madee (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp. Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas.
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zinganee and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals,—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. William Bosley, of Maryland; since which time they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection.

Second day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the 2d best horse in the race if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $700—if but one, $500; ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, of which $100 will be given to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $400—if but one, $300; ent. $25. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $200, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Several purses will also be given during the meeting for Mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st April next, and to be run for at the Spring Meeting of 1839.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run at the Fall Meeting of 1839; sub. $2000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; 5 or more to make a race; to close 1st Sept. 1839.

The following Stakes are proposed by a worthy Patron of the Turf:—

A Breeders' Stake, to be run in 1840, to run 3 yr. olds in the Spring, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft., and Two mile heats in the Fall, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; 5 or more subscribers to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept. 1839. In this stake a Breeder can enter as many colts of his own breeding as he thinks proper, and run either of them, but must run one or pay the forfeit.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the subscriber at Baltimore, as early as convenient, as early entries induce others to enter to stakes to which they otherwise would not.

Trotting Purses.

In addition to the above Purses and Sweepstakes, the Subscriber, to amuse and gratify a large portion of the patrons of the Kendall Course, is induced to offer the following purses to be Trotted for:—

On the day previous to the races, a purse of $100, free only for horses which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heet.

Same day—A purse of $200, free only for horses which never won a purse of over $100, Mile heats in Harness; entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

The above two Trotting purses are free only for horses belonging to Maryland, on the 1st day of Feb., 1839.

On the day following the races, a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free for all horses; Three mile heats under the Saddle.

Same day—A purse of $300, $100 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free only for horses which never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course.

Entries for the first two Trotting Purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock P.M. Entries for the last two Trotting Purses will close on the last day of the Races, at 12 o'clock M Entrance 5 per cent.

The Race horses will have a track exclusively appropriated to their use, as also will the Trotting horses to theirs. The time of exercise will be so arranged that they will not be in the way or interference of each other. The track, and every thing appertaining to the course, will be put in the best possible order. Stables, litter, &c., will be furnished gratis to race and trotting horses, that visit the course for the purpose of racing or trotting, but the subscriber cannot promise to accommodate horses that are brought for sale or show. He will promise good stables, &c., for 65 or 70—possibly a few more.

The liberal patronage of the public has inspirited the subscriber to offer greater inducements than formerly. He will hereafter hold out still greater inducements each Spring and Fall than have heretofore been offered in this section of the country.

Kendall Course, Feb. 7, 1839.—[F9] JAMES B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE OF $145,000!

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse, and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. &. J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Luricher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of Va. names the produce of Aggy Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Hawa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific
26. John Blevins & Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brothers of Va. name the produce of Imp. Peri by Wanderer, and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times.

[F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville Jockey Club.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Plaquemine Jockey Club Course, will commence on the third Wednesday of April, and continue four days, as the four mile day will be omitted at this meeting by a resolution of the Club. The following will be the order of the purses.

First day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Creole Purse $300, Mile heats.
Fourth day—For the entrance money of the previous days, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

WM. B. ROBERTSON, Jr., *Secretary.*

Plaquemine, La., May 30, 1836.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Plaquemine Course, on the Wednesday preceding the first day of the Spring meeting of 1839, with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1836, Mile heats; subscription $150, forfeit $50; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close by the 1st July, 1837.

1. James E. Robertson names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacific.
2. Michel Schletre names ch. f. *Lady Plaquemine*, by Little Red, dam by Imp. Eagle.
3. Fred. H. Davis names b. c. *Iberville*, by John Beasley, dam by Stockholder.
4. Richard Reams names ch. c. *Take-all*, by Mohican, dam by Eclipse.
5. Fergus Duplantier names ch. f. *Rivalle*, by John Beasley, out of Sally Harvey b Sir Hal.
6. W. P. S. Harding names b. c. *Child Harold*, by Byron, out of Modesty by Jerome.
7. John F. Miller names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Martha Taylor by Stockholder.
8. Robt. Bell names gr. c. *St. James*, by Cage's Pacolet, dam by Otwa.
9. Robt. Smith names b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by ——.
10. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.
11. Wm. J. Minor names b. c. by Rowton, dam by Tramp.
12. Wm. R. Barrow names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Julia by Sir Arthur.
13. Dr. James Smith names ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Nancy Peters by Sir Peter Teazle.
14. Dr. James Smith names b. c. by Sarpedon, out of Kate by Tiger.
15. Col. O. Claiborne names c. by Bertrand, out of Lisbon Maid.
16. Col. A. L. Bingmaan names b. f. by Dertrand, out of Sister to Remus.
17. Wm. J. Minor names ch. c. *Native*, by The Saddler, out of Novelty (imp.)
18. Wm. J. Minor names d. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand by Bertrand.
19. Col. A. L. Bingaman names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of the nut brown mare by Stockholder
20. F. L. Claiborne names gr. c. Brother to Mary Queen of Scotts.

WM. B. ROBERTSON, Jr., *Secretary.*

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE,

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

METARIE J. C. RACES, NEW ORLEANS.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839 over the Metarie Course, New Orleans, will commence the last Tuesday, 26th March, and continue six days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats; to close 1st March, 1839; now six subs., and several more expected.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for Gentlemen Riders, members of either of the Jockey Clubs of New Orleans, sub. $50 each, P.P., to which the Proprietors will add a Silver Cup of the value of $300, Two mile heats. Now 11 subs.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $2000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $150 ft., Mile heats; to close 1st March next. Now six subs.

Sixth day—Proprietors' Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

New Orleans, Jan. 20, 1839.—[F9-4t] P. CENAS, Sec'y.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

First day—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm. H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L. White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H. Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ——.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ——.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavalette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

Second day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Ladies Purse $[illegible]00, ent. $15 Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, —— heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22-t4my] EDWARD J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

NEW ORLEANS RACES, LOUISIANA COURSE.

THE Jockey Club Spring Meeting over the Louisiana Course will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 20th March.

First day—Creole Purse $500, Mile heats.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, of which the 2d best will be entitled to $200 if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1000; Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1500; Three mile heats.

Fourth day—For a Splendid Silver Urn, value $1500, and Jockey Club Purse of $500, and $500 extra to be given to the 2d best horse in the race, if more than two start; Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $600, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—The Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000, Two mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH, } *Proprietors.*
MANDEVILLE MARIGNY,

[J19-t16mh]

TROTTING, KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE following purses will be given for the improvement of Trotting Horses, to be run in the order in which they are set down.

On the day previous to the regular Spring races, a purse of $100, free only for horses belonging to Maryland, which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

Same day—Purse $200, free only for horses belonging to Maryland that never won a purse over $100, entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat; Mile heats in Harness.

On the day following the Races a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat, Three mile heats under the Saddle, free for all.

Same day—Purse $300, $100 of which goes to the 2d in the last heat, free only for horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course. Entries for the first two purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock P.M. Entries for the last two purses will close on the last day of the Races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent. Stables, litter, and straw, gratis.

Baltimore, Nov. 30, 1838.—[d29] J. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—HAMPTON COURSE.

AS it is, and has been usual of late years, with the proprietors of the different race tracks of our country, to advertise their stakes and in my opinion to close at too early a period to give the owners of colts a fair opportunity of testing their racing qualities, I therefore communicate to the sporting world my present plan, rules, and terms.

There will be kept open Stakes for 2 and 3 year olds, to be run for every successive year, and not to be closed until one month previous to the race; declaration, 15 days before the coming off of the race.

Stakes of $1000 each subscription, ft. $500, dec. $100, will be Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Stakes of $500 each subscription, h. ft., dec. $75, will be Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Dashes of Two or One mile, to suit the convenience of parties; that is, the amount to be run for.

Persons wishing to make their entries, will please direct their letters to the subscriber, acting proprietor of the Hampton Course, or to Capt. WM. G. NIMMO, Secretary of the Hampton Jockey Club, Augusta, Ga. [n10] F. W. LACY.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on the second Tuesday, 12th March, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $300, Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close by 20th Feb. next. Now 3 subs.

Same day—A *Champagne Stake* for 3 year olds, sub. $150, ft. $50, Mile heats; the Club to use the Champagne. Now 5 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Entrance 5 per cent on each purse, free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the Proprietor at Mobile, *post paid.*

Good stables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor.

F. K. WEST, *Secretary.*
J. A. STEWART, *Corresponding Sec'y.*
[d15-t20f.] D. STEPHENSON, *Proprietor.*

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 2½ miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 10½ miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with bians capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls, within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere, or be interfered with, by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, four of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock.

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer; a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting, that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The Farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided, and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house, 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting of *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs. at $2000 each, P.P, Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, Fanti, Dosoris, Zela, Terrific, and *Equinox*, are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of MR. ROBT. L. STEVENS, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antoinette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Seminole, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. ISAAC VAN LEER, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839—[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

THE Subscriber has put in charge of VAN LEER, to be run and sold, his b. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the fine old mare of that name. A mulatto boy, 15 years old, a good rider, accompanies the filly. Mr. Van Leer is authorized to dispose of either.

Bella Vista, Md., Jan. 24, 1839.—[F2] THOMAS E. GITTINGS.

GREENSBOROUGH (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB SPRING RACES.

OVER the Henry Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 7th May next, for the following purses:—

First day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

TAYLOE, BRANCH, & BEVERLEY, Proprietor.

Greensborough, Dec. 26, 1838.—[J19]

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 25th March.

W. B. Stockton names imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

W. B. Stockton names imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
Also, " imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day a purse of $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $300, two mile heats.

Third day a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $500, three mile heats.

Same day a purse of $100, mile heats.

Fourth day a purse of $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $1000, four mile heats. Same day a purse of $100, mile heats.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when those rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best.

The New Jersey Rail-Road is now completed, and will hereafter convey Passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any course North of Louisiana.

Trenton, N. J., Feb., 1839.—[n10] O. BAILEY, *Sec'y.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Test Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Four mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Second Meeting of the New Club, Spring 1839, will take place over the Norfolk Course on the 1st day of April next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Ladies' Purse $500, with an inside stake of $300 each, $100 ft., for 4 year olds, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $[illegible]00, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

EDWARD J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N. B. There is a Produce Stake now open for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run over the Norfolk Course in the Spring of 1842, sub. $500, $200 ft.; to name and close 1st Feb. 1839. Now 3 subs. [d22-tfa]

SPRING MEETING, ECLIPSE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE Jockey Club Spring Races over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, will commence on the Second Wednesday, 13th March, 1839, and continue five days. Particulars in due time.

The following **Sweepstakes** are now open. Gentlemen wishing to enter in either will please address the Proprietor.

No. 1. For 3 yr. old colts, sub. $500, $250 ft., Two mile heats; to close 1st March. Now 4 subs.

No. 2. For 2 yr. old colts, sub. $1000, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st March. Now 2 subs.

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Mile heats; to close 1st Narch. Now 2 subs.

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds owned in the State of Louisiana, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.

New Orleans, Jan. 12, 1839.—[J26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

Com. ELLIOTT'S ARABIAN SHERIFF PACHA.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.—In the summer of 1837, being on the coast of Northern Syria, Commodore ELLIOTT, in pursuance of orders from the Navy Department and prompted by a commendable zeal to improve the breed of horses in the United States, procured a thorough bred Arabian of the Nadji breed from an agent of the Governor or Vice Roy of Northern Syria, "Sheriff Pacha."

The horse referred to is a Stallion, 5 yrs. old, and of a rich bay color, standing 15¾ hands high, of fine bone and finish. He bears a strong resemblance to the high mettled racer of "the race-horse region," and there can be no doubt that he is what he is certified to be, a real Nadji,—the most celebrated breed in Syria. The experienced judge of the race-horse will detect at a glance, and be immediately impressed with the idea, and convinced of the purity of his origin. No formal pedigree need be offered to the observer of this superior animal, for without these, nature has so impressed her seal, that they would not be required; but fortunately the most authentic are given, attested by the American Consul's seal at Damascus.

Mustapha Aga, of Damascus, purchased this horse of Kage Ali, the Alepine, who procured him of an Arab of Atrah. A great many testimonials are given by the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah, each of whom concur that he is a real Nadji.

☞ This horse will stand the ensuing season at Carlisle, Harrisburg, and Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. For particulars see bills. [P9]

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due the 1st Jan. 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockhhlder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tenn.

From the untarnished character of old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen. A. B. NEWSAM.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents, if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats). His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury on one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old *stand* at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. *Crowell*, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North-East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country, unlimited business was guarantied; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw a-side all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little, petty slanders, relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season; each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb. next, to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms: $100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

WASHINGTON HOTEL—BROADWAY.

THE Subscriber, late of the National Hotel, having taken the above well-known establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his capacious and airy mansion has been completely renovated and painted throughout, and is now in complete order to accommodate the public. Strangers will find the Washington a central and desirable situation. The private parlors communicate with the dormitories, forming suites of rooms, where families can be delightfully situated and retired. The bill of fare daily will be found satisfactory to the most fastidious epicure, embracing every delicacy of the season. Gentlemen will find an ordinary served regularly at half-past three o'clock, with the best of attendance, for the Proprietor, having under his direction first rate French Cooks, and a cellar stored with the choicest Wines, pledges himself to promote to the best of his abilities, the comforts of all who honor his Hotel. [d15-3m] HORATIO N. CARR.

RICHARD.

THIS celebrated Imported Horse, the only son in America of that renowned horse *Orville*, and own brother to those celebrated race horses, *Master Henry* and *Sporus*, will stand for mares the present season at the stable of Maj. B. LUCKETT, Franklin County, Kentucky.

He is a dark mahogany bay, about 16 hands high, of good bone, great muscular power, and ability to carry weight, as the high weights which a perusal of his performances will show, he has successfully carried, especially in his races for King's Plates, repeatedly, over the course of four miles. In point of blood, and what in England is termed family stoutness, he is hardly equalled, certainly not excelled, by any horse in England, or at this time imported. He was sent to America by F. B. OGDEN, Esq., American Consul resident at Liverpool, and landed at New York in 1836.

PEDIGREE.

Richard was bred, or first brought forward on the turf, by Lord Jersey. He was foaled in 1818; got by Orville, out of Miss Sophia (bred by Mr. Wilson in 1805) by Stamford; her dam, Sophia by Buzzard, out of Huncamunca by Highflyer—Cypher by Squirrel—Regulus, &c. &c.

Orville was bred by Earl Fitzwilliam in 1799; got by Benningbrough (who was the best son of King Fergus, the best son of Eclipse,) out of Evelina by Highflyer—Termagant by Tantram—Regulus—Marske's dam by Blacklegs, &c. &c.

Stamford (sire of Miss Sophia, Richard's dam,) was bred by Sir F Standish in 1794; got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam Horatia (Sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton in 1778,) by Eclipse; her dam Countess (Delpini's dam) by Blank—Rib—Wynn Arabian, &c.

PERFORMANCES,

In full, from the English Racing Calendar.

1821—Newmarket Craven Meeting, Saturday, April 28—Sweepstakes of 100 gs. each, h. ft., 8st. 7lb.; D.M.

Lord Jersey's b. c. *Richard*, brother to Sporus, by Orville	1
Lord Suffield's bl. c. by Muley, out of Miss Witch	2
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Totemkin	3

Even betting on Richard.

Epsom, Thursday, June 7—The first year of a Renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 gs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and a half; the owner of the 2d horse to receive 100 gs. out of the stakes; 54 subs

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus, by Election, out of Lady Grey by Stamford	1
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Reginald, by Haphazard	2
Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Sir Huldibrand, by Octavius, out of Truth's dam	3

Mr. Bouveries' b. c. Tressilian, by Orville; Lord Jersey's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville; Mr. R. Milne's ch. c. Jock the Laird's brother, by Viscount; Mr. Fox's ch. c. North-wester, by Haphazard; Duke of Rutland's ch. f. by Waxy, out of Penny-trumpet; Mr. S. Dunscombe's b. c. by Smolensko, out of Hipswell Lass; H. R. H the Duke of York's b. c. by Walton, dam by Trafalgar, out of Musidora; Mr. Calley's b. c. The Hetman, by Medley, out of Miss Platoff; Mr. Batson's b. c. Rooter, by Hedley, out of Jesse; and Lord Exeter's br. c. Mokanna, by Soothsayer, also started, but were not placed.

Ascot Heath, Tuesday, June 19—The Oatland Stakes of 30 gs. each, 20 ft., and only 10 gs. if declared, &c.; two miles and a half.

Mr. Ockenden's b. h. Strephon, by Rubens, 6 yrs. 8st. 5lb	1
H. R. H. the Duke of York's br. h. Banker, 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb	2
Mr. J. Walker's b. c. Vanloo, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb	3
Lord Verulam's b. g. Veterinarian, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb	4
Col. Morland's Ranter. 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb.; Mr Thornhill's b. c. Mr. Low, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.; Duke of Rutland's b. f. Emeline, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb., and Mr. Walker's ch. c. Canova, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb, paid ft.	

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only 10 gs. each:—Mr. James' Master Henry, 6 yrs 9st. 3lb.; Mr. Fraser's Champignon, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb.; H. R. H. the Duke of York's Pacha, 5 yrs. 7st. 13lb.; Mr. Stevens' b. f Ethelinda, 5 yrs. 7st. 3lb.; Mr. Batson's b. f. Luss, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.; Mr. King's b. g. Tybalt, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb.; Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. St. Patrick, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb.; Mr. Bigg's France, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb.; Lord Darlington, who named Mr. Fraser's Clan Albyn, 4 yrs. 7st, and Mr. Howorth, who named Lord Jersey's b. c. *Richard*, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.

Betting: 6 to 5 on Banker, 7 to 2 agst. Vanloo, and 4 to 1 agst. Strephon.

Richmond, Wednesday, Oct. 3—The United Service Stakes of 30 gs. each, 20 ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st.; the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra. One mile and a half.

Mr Watson's Fortuna	1
Mr. M. M. Sykes' b. c. Brother to Antelope	2
Mr. R. Milne's b. f. My Lady	3
Mr. Alison's br. c. Vingtun	4
Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*	5
Mr. Riddle's b. f. by XYZ, out of Swinton's dam	6
Mr. O. Powlett's ch. f. Marigold	7

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. My Lady, 5 to 2 agst. Fortuna, and 3 to 1 agst. Bro. to Antelope.

1822—Newmarket Craven Meeting, Tuesday, April 9—The Oatland Stakes of 50 gs. each, h. ft., D.I.; 24 subs., besides 4 who paid 10 gs. each, to the owner of the 2d horse.

Mr. Fox's ch. c. North wester, by Haphazard, 3 yrs 7st. 12lb	C. Norman. 1
Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Incantator, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb	2
Mr. Ramsbottom's b. h. Shreckhorn, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb	3

Mr. R. Pettit's ch. g. Euphrates, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb.; Ld. Exeter's b. c. by Androssan, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.; Ld. Bridgewater's b. c. Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.; Duke of Grafton's b. c. Reginald, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb; Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.; and Mr. Stevens' b. c. Valentine, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb, also started, but the Judge placed only the first three.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. North-wester, 7 to 1 agst. Reginald, 7 to 1 agst. Euphrates, 8 to 1 agst. Incantator, and 10 to 1 agst. Shreckhorn.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Wednesday, April 24 Fifty Pounds, by Subscription, for 3 yr. olds, 7st, 5lb.; 4, 8st. 11lb.; and 5, 9st. 4lb.; B.C. (upwards of 4 miles),

Ld Stradbroke's b. c. Incantator, by Sorcerer, 3 yrs	F. Boyce. 1
Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 3 yrs	2
Mr. Batson's b. f. Freak, 3 yrs	3
H. Edwards' b. c. Capulet, 3 yrs	4

Betting: 7 to 4 on Incantator and 4 to 1 agst. *Richard.*

Newcastle, Monday, July 15—His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for 4 yr. olds, 10st. 4lb.; 5, 11st. 6lb.; 6, 12st., and aged, 12st. 2lb. Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville, 4 yrs	1
Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Packman, 4 yrs	2
Ld. Scarborough's b. c. Byram, 4 yrs	3
Mr. Hutchinson's b. c. Lord of the Manor, 4 yrs	4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Packman, and 5 to 2 agst. *Richard.*

Same place and meeting, Thursday, July 18—A Gold Cup, value 100 gs., by subscriptions of 10 gs each, for 3 yr. olds, 6st. 4lb; 4, 7st. 11lb.; 5, 8st. 7lb; 6 and aged, 8st. 10lb.; mares allowed 3lb. Four miles. Ten subs.

Mr. Lambton's br. h. Waverley, by Whalebone, 5 yrs	1
Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 4 yrs	2
Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. f. Fair Helen, 4 yrs	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Mr. Lambton's two.

York August Meeting, Monday, 19th—His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for 4 yr. olds, 10st. 4lb.; 5, 11st. 6lb., &c. Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville, 4 yrs	1
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Champagne, 4 yrs	2
Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman, 4 yrs	3

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. *Richard*, and 7 to 4 agst. Champagne.

Same place and week, Thursday, 22d—One Third of the 25 gs. Subscription, with 50*l.* added by the City, for 4 yr. olds 8st., and 5, 8st. 11lb. Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 4 yrs	M. Noble. 1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Catiline, 4 yrs	2
Mr. Fox's ch. c. North-wester, 4 yrs	3
Mr. Watts' br. h. Bergami, 5 yrs	4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. *Richard*, and 2 to 1 agst. Catiline.

Pontefract, Wednesday, Sept. 4—A Gold Cup, value 100 gs., the surplus in specie, by subscriptions of 10 gs. each, with 20 added; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 9lb.; 4, 8st.; 5, 8st. 9lb.; 6 and aged 8st. 11lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; Two miles and seven furlongs; twelve subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's br. h. Waverley, by Whalebone, 5 yrs	T. Nicholson. 1
Sir R. K. Dick's ch. g. Euphrates, 6 yrs	2

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, 4 yrs; O. Powlett's b. h. Gambler, 5 yrs; Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Wanton, 3 yrs.; L. Fox's ch. c. North-wester, 4 yrs., and Mr. Petre's br. h. Sir John, 6 yrs., also started, but the Judge placed only two.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Euphrates, 5 to 2 agst. Wanton, 7 to 2 agst. *Richard*, and 5 to 1 agst. North-wester.

Same place and week, Thursday, 5th—The Borough Members' Plate of 70*l.*, for all ages, weights the same as for Tuesday's Plate, the winner of which carried 3lb. extra; Three mile heats.

Mr Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville, 4 yrs	1 1
Ld. Scarborough's br. c. Byram, 4 yrs	2 dr

Betting: 5 to 2 on *Richard.*

Doncaster, Monday, Sept. 16—His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for 4 yr. olds, 10st. 4lb.; 5, 11st. 6lb.; 6, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb. Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Richard*, by Orville, 4 yrs	1
Ld. Queenberry's bl. c. Plato, 4 yrs	2
Mr. Rushton's br. c. Vingtun, 4 yrs	3

Betting: 15 to 8 on *Richard.*

It will be seen by the above performances, that Richard ran three times in 1821, when 3 yrs. old, and paid one forfeit. That in 1822, prior to being rated 4 yrs. old, and when 4 yrs. old, he started nine times, six of which races were *four miles*, and one *three mile heats*; that he won five out of these nine races, four of those which he won being *four miles*, and three of these of four miles being for *King's Plates*, carrying the high weight of 10st. 4lb. (144lbs.) That in both the four mile races in which he was beat, viz: by Incantator over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, and by Waverley at Newcastle, he ran second. That Waverley belonged to the same owner, who thought proper to win with him, and that Richard had previously ran for, and won that same week, at the same place, the King's Plate. That two others of his four mile races in which he was successful, he performed at York in the same week also. All of which goes to show, that his *best play* was *game and stoutness* and the course of *four miles*. That the race which he lost at Pontefract (two miles and seven furlongs) was like that at Newcastle, won by Waverley, belonging to the same owner, who, it is reasonable to suppose, saved Richard as much as possible in this race, as he, the very next day, started him for the Borough Members' Plate, *three mile heats*, which he won.

His last race, for the King's Plate at Doncaster, *four miles*, carrying for 4 yrs. old 144lbs., was won in 7 minutes 58 seconds.

His own brother, *Master Henry*, foaled in 1815, might with truth be styled the best horse of his time. His performances were brilliant in the extreme. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 1819, carrying 6st. 7lb. as 3 yrs. old, he won the First Class of the Oatland Stakes, D.I., beating Lehus, The Student, Finesse, and Sir Thomas; and the same year, at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting, carrying for 4 yrs. old 8st. 11lb. (123lbs.) he beat Zeith, Beppo, and Rob Roy over the Beacon Course (upwards of four miles); at the Second Spring Meeting, 1820, he beat Financier, the Abington mile, for 200 gs, and at the same meeting he beat Pacha the two middle miles of the Beacon Course, for 200 gs.; and at the First Spring Meeting, 1821, he beat Little John, 4 yrs. old, and Allegro, 5 yrs., the last three miles of the Beacon Course. At the same meeting, carrying as for 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb. (163lbs.), he won the King's Plate over the Beacon Course, beating Little John and Autar, 4 yr. olds, 11st. each (154lbs.); Little John and Henry ran a dead heat, which being run over, Henry won. He ran on with great eclat until 1821, beating the best horses in England. When aged, his then owner, Mr. L. Charlton, challenged for the Whip at Newmarket, and named Master Henry, which challenge not being accepted, he carried it off. Here there is a striking example of the family union of speed with stoutness, all lengths and at high weights. After this he was withdrawn from the turf and became a public stallion, was purchased four or five years ago by Messrs. Merritt & Co. of Virginia, shipped for America, and lost on the passage.

Sporus, the other own brother of Richard, was also an excellent performer. We have not space to set forth all his exploits. He came out in 1821 at 4 yrs. old, winner of a class of the Oatland Stakes of 400 gs., at Newmarket; the Garden Stakes, and of 100 gs. at the same place; the King's Plate at Ipswich. In 1822 he won the Gold Cup at the Hoo, 100 gs. at Newmarket, and the Gold Cup at Oxford.

Emilius, also got by Orville, out of a Stamford mare, won all the great stakes he started for in 1823, then 3 yrs. old, viz: a Class of the Riddlesworth Stakes, the Dinner Stakes of 100 gs. each, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and 100 gs. at Newmarket, the great Derby Stakes at Epsom, and 500 gs. at Ascot. After 4 yrs. old, he was withdrawn from the turf, became a public stallion, and is the sire of the celebrated *Priam*, of *Plenipotentiary*, and many other good ones.

Orville we cannot pass, without noting in him this extraordinary combination of speed and endurance. It will be recollected that he commenced running in 1801, when only two years old, and that at 3 yrs. old, Sept. 28, 1802, he won the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and the next day ran second to Alonzo for the Gold Cup, *four miles*. The next year, 1803, Aug. 22d, at York, he ran next to Duxbury in a Produce Sweepstakes of 100 gs. each, for 4 yr. olds, *four miles*. And four days afterwards, the 26th, he ran 2d to Mr. Mellish's Streckton, *four miles*, beating Duxbury, (who had four days previously beat him,) and a large field of good ones. At Doncaster, on the 28th Sept. following, he ran second to Marcia, by Coriander, *four miles*, beating Alonzo, who had before beat him. The next day, Sept. 29, he beat Streckton, who had before beat him, two miles. The next year, 1804, at York, Aug. 22, he ran next to Traveller, again beating Streckton, *four miles*, who had beat him the same distance. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, he beat Pepylin and Doncaster, two miles, and a third time beat Streckton in a match for 200 gs. each, *four miles*. At Newmarket, Oct. 15, he ran next to Sir Charles Bunbury's famous mare Eleanor, by Whiskey, over the Beacon Course, upwards of *four miles*. In 1805, he beat Houghton Lass, Harefoot, and Lady Brough, *four miles*. He beat the Duke of Richmond's Rolla, for the King's Plate, carrying as 6 yrs. old, 168lbs., Rolla, aged 170lbs., *four miles*. He beat the famous Walton, of the same age, 124lbs. each, *four miles*. 1806—At Newmarket he beat Quiz, Norval, and Sir Harvy Dimsdale, over the Beacon Course. He received forfeit from Houghton Lass, *four miles*. At Lewes, he walked over *four miles*. At Newmarket he beat Parasol, Stanley, Houghton Lass, and Henry, over the Beacon Course. He ran second to Bustard, beating Sancho, over the Beacon Course. He beat Pelisse and Enchanter over the Beacon Course. At Brighton he walked over for the Somerset Stakes of 50 gs. each, *four miles*. He again beat Pelisse at even weights, in a match for 200 gs. each, *four miles*. He beat Cerberus *four miles*, and Brighton *four miles*. He beat Canopus at Newmarket, over the Beacon Course, and again beat Parasol over the Beacon Course. We have not here given all his races, particularly the short ones, but trust we have set forth sufficient to show the union of stoutness with the speed of a winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, his training and running on successfully to Oct. 1807, when 8 yrs. old, winning eight times in his last year, and all his races of *four miles* that year, and indeed *all*, except one D.I., about two miles. He ran and walked over 35 times.

Orville is also the sire of Muley, who got Leviathan, and Margrave, (both now in this country), of Muley Moloch, and many others of the first class.

Orville's sire, *Beningbrough*, is another sample of the union of speed with continuance, he won the Great St. Leger in 1794, and distinguished himself at all distances. In his sire, King Fergus, O'Kelly's great favorite, supposed the fleetest son of Eclipse, we have the same qualifications, and next in the paternal line, we trace to the fleetest of the fleet, and the stoutest of the stout, the ever memorable Eclipse himself. On the side of his dam we go at once to Highflyer, who never was beat, and who never paid forfeit.

Besides Richard, Master Henry, and Sporus, Miss Sophia is also the dam of Master George, Lady Henry, and Emma by Orville; of Leipsic by Sorcerer, Custard by Soothsayer, Henrica by Wanful, Mameluke by Partisan, and others, showing every requisite as a breeder. What, then, can exceed the produce of such a mare, by such a horse as Orville? From what other can the most sanguine expectations of breeders be more likely to be realized?

If in addition to Richard's own performances over the course of four miles, that of his brothers, his sire, and family through, can recommend him to the notice of the public, he is certainly entitled to the same. In this belief the subscriber is induced to offer him as a Stallion to the breeders of Blood Stock, in the hope that he will meet with their patronage. [J19] MUNSON BEACH.

SHARK.

THIS beautiful thorough-bred Race-Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stable of John Drew, near the Union Race Course, upon Long Island, New York, at $60 the season, $100 to insure a mare with foal, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence on the 20th Feb and end the 1st July.

Shark is a beautiful black, about 15¼ hands high, of good bone and substance, in high racing form, and nine years old this grass.

PEDIGREE.

Shark was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., at Harlaem, New York, and foaled in April 1830. He was got by the celebrated American Eclipse. His dam the noted running mare known at first as Col. Taylor's Maria, and afterwards named Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; grandam, Black Maria by Imp. Shark; g. g. dam by Imp. Clockfast, (she was the dam of the celebrated horse Vingtun, by Imp. Diomed); g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, &c. &c.

His sire, American Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger; her dam the imported mare by Pot-oooooooo's, &c.

PERFORMANCES.

Shark was sold early to Charles Green, Esq., of New York, who first brought him on the turf, named in a sweepstakes for 3 year olds.

1833—*Union Course L. I.*—Sweepstakes of $300 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Mile heats. Six subs.

Charles Green's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy	1	2	1
James Bathgate's ch. c. Midas, by Eclipse, out of Young Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Expedition	2	1	2
R. L. Stevens' ch. f. by Henry, out of Cinderella by Duroc	6	3	dist.
Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. c. Alpha, by De Wit Clinton—Eleanor by Imp. Expedition	5	4	dist.
John R. Snediker's gr. f. Damsel, by Eclipse, out of Garland by Duroc	3	dist.	
Wm. Gibbons' bl. f. Alert, by Eclipse Lightfoot—Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt	4	dist.	

Time, 1:53—1:49—1:50. An excellent race between Shark and Midas.

After this race he was sold to Capt. R. F. Stockton for something exceeding $8000.

Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 26—Purse $150, for 3 yr. olds, 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Wm. B. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 3 yrs	1	1
Gen. C. Irvine's h. John Stevens, by Henry, 5 yrs	3	2
L. Murat's h. Jesse Fowler, by Childers, 5 yrs	2	3
J. H. Van Mater's gr. h. Shamrock, by Tormentor, 5 yrs	4	4
J. C. Craig's gr. f. Blue Bird, by Medley, 4 yrs	bolt.	
W. Hague's c. Orphan Boy, by Mark Anthony, 4 yrs	dist.	
S Lenox's m. Black-eyed-Susan, by American Boy, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:51½—1:51.

Union Course, L. I., Oct 1—Sweepstakes of $500 each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse	1	1
C. Green's (Maj Jones') b. c. Sidi Hamet, by Eclipse, out of Princess	3	2
J. C. Craig's gr. c. Jessup, by Medley, out of Betsey Robinson	2	3

Time, 3:49—3:56. Won very easily.

1834—*Union Course*, First Spring Meeting, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $1000, for 3 yr. olds 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	6	1	1
J. C. Stevens' bl. m. Black Maria, (own sister to Shark), aged	3	2	2
Walter Livingston's gr. m. Alice Grey, by Henry—Sportsmistress by Hickory, 5 y	2	3	3
J. M. Selden's b. c. Charles Kemble, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	4	4
S. Laird's b. h. Henry Archie, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	4	5	5
J. M. Botts' b. h. Rolla, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	5	dr	

Time, 7:55—7:57—8:03.

Union Course, Second Spring Meeting, June 6—Jockey Club Purse $1000, for all ages, wts. as before given. Four mile heats.

W. R. Johnson's ch. m. Trifle, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, 6 yrs	1	1
W. Livingston's gr. m. Alice Grey, by Henry, 5 yrs	3	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	3

Time, 7:57—8:07.

Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 27—Purse $400, for all ages, weights the same as before noted upon this course. Three mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1	1
J. K. Van Mater's b. c. Daniel O'Connell, by John Richards, 4 yrs	3	2
S. Laird's b. h. Henry Archie, by Henry, 6 yrs	4	3
T. H. Rowlet's b. m. Queen Dido, by John Richards, 6 yrs	2	dr

Time, 6:01—5:51.

Central Course, Md., Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse $1000, for 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

W. R. Johnson's ch. m. Trifle, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	3	2
J. M. Selden's b. c. Charles Kemble, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	3
Col. John Crowell's ch. h. Robin Hood, by Henry, 5 yrs	4	4
Wm. H. Minge's gr. c. Blue Streak, by Medley, 4 yrs	5	dist.

Time, 7:58—7:49

After this race, Shark was sold to John C. Craig, Esq., for $15,000, and was trained the next season by W. R. Johnson, Esq. Mr. Craig gave a public challenge, offering to run Shark, four mile heats, against any horse in the United States, for $10,000 a-side. This challenge not being accepted, the horse was let to mares that season, and in the Fall was trained, but in consequence of his having covered, trained and ran unkindly.

1835—*Central Course, Md.*, Oct. 19—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., for all ages, weights the same as before noted on this Course. Three mile heats. Three subs.

John E. Dorsey's b. c. Mazeppa, by Hotspur, dam by Francisco, 4 yrs	1	1
Wm R. Johnson's bl. h. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	2
John C. Stevens' b. f. Clara Howard, by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs	pd. ft.	

Time, 5:56—6:03.

Union Course, L. I., Second Fall Meeting, Nov. 7—Purse $500, for all ages, weights the same as before noted on this Course. Three mile heats.

Alex. L. Botts' ch. c. Veto, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 3 yrs	1	1
Wm. L. Stotts' b. h. Sidney, by Sir Charles, aged	4	2
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. Mark Moore, by Eclipse, 3 yrs	3	3
Wm. R. Johnson's bl. h. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	4
Wm. Gibbons' ch. f. Merrygoold, by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:06—6:15. Raining, and the track very deep and heavy.

After this last race Shark was withdrawn from the Course, and let to mares the ensuing season of 1836. His get are very promising, valued highly, and those 3 yrs. old in 1839 will probably make their appearance on the Course.

He is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, to Black Maria, who won the 20 mile race (that is, 5 heats, including a dead heat,) over the Union Course, beating Trifle and three others—also to Terror, and to Bay Maria, who has won all her races in South Carolina and Georgia, four mile heats. His dam, Lady Lightfoot, trained and ran until eleven years old, and was pronounced by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, the best race mare, and the safest to bet upon, that he ever knew—her performances are unrivalled. His whole *family*, paternal and maternal, have not even a remote cross of inferior blood; they have throughout been renowned for game and stoutness, their best play being the course of four miles. Those who retain a partiality to the blood of Eclipse have now an opportunity of acquiring the same by breeding from Shark, who, if not the most renowned of his get, by exploits on the turf, in point of pure and high blood stands first.

January, 1839.—[J5-tf.] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

BERNERS' COMUS AND CONSOL.

THE *Imported Stallions*, BERNERS' COMUS and CONSOL, will stand in 1839, at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the former at $80, the latter at $70; insurance by either, $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Consol is a dark bay or brown, 16 hands, of high form, great substance, and all sound; he was both a speedy and lasting racer, having continued in work until 7 yrs. old without a blemish. Out of 21 engagements, he won and rec'd ft. 11 times, ran 2d 4 times, and 3d 4 times. The last year he was on the turf, then 7 years old, he was the trial horse of the largest and most successful stable in England (Scott's), which that year won the Derby with Mundig

His colts, the oldest of which were foaled in 1837, are uncommonly promising in appearance, of good bone and high finish. One of them was sold at auction when a yearling, for $1500, and many others would bring still higher prices—higher, it is believed, than those of any other *untried* horse in the country.

Huntsville Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse, ever bred in England. In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 21, 1838.—[JOHN R. SNEDEKER.

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. Wm. R. JOHNSON's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby, deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.,)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, who was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson. RICHARD LOGAN.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. Prindle,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietors' Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style, time 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, who seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. MCCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for Five Thousand Dollars cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocris, Belshazzar, (lately imported to this country), and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S, *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, the 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances.

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md.	Kendall Course, Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
CHARLESTON, S. C.	Washington Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, Monday, 18th Feb
GREENSBORO', Ala,	Henry Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
MARIANNA, Fla.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Feb.
MAYSVILLE, Ky.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
MOBILE, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 11th March.
" "	Match, $10,000 aside, 4 m. heats, *Melzare* vs. *The Poney*, Monday, 11th March.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d April.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th March.
" " "	Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th March.
" " "	Metarie Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th March.
NORFOLK, Va.,	and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Monday, 1st April.
NATCHEZ Miss.	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Spring meeting, Wednesday, 29th April.
PLAQUEMINE, La.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th April.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday in March.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday following Cam. & Phil.
WASHINGTON CITY.	National Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Feb. 16—Last night of OLIVER TWIST and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, after which they must be laid aside for further novelty.

On MONDAY, Feb. 18, Mrs. SHAW'S engagement commences, and will continue Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

FRIDAY, Feb. 22—Mrs. SHAW'S BENEFIT.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Feb. 16—For the BENEFIT of Signor DE BEGNIS, and the last night of his appearance, when will be acted IL FANATICA PER LA MUSICA, in which Mrs. SEGUIN, Sig. DE BEGNIS, Mr. SEGUIN, and Mr. LATHAM, will appear—to be followed by IL BARBIERRE DI SIVIGLIA, compressed into one Act—after which a popular Farce—to conclude with a GRAND MUSICALE PASTICCIO, sustained by the above celebrated performers.

MONDAY, Feb. 18—MISS SHIRREFF, having recovered from her indisposition, will have the honor of making her appearance in the Grand Opera of AMILIE, together with Messrs. WILSON and SEGUIN.

TUESDAY, Feb. 19—LA SONNAMBULA, in which Miss Shirreff, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Seguin will appear.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 20—Will be produced CINDERELLA: Cinderella, by Mrs. Seguin.

☞ A grand Opera every night during the week, in which Mrs. Seguin. and Messrs. Wilson, Seguin and Latham will perform.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Feb. 16—RICHARD III—THE PURSE—and DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT—Duke of York and the Page by Miss ROSALIE EDWIN, only six years of age.

MONDAY, Feb. 18—The new Melo Drama called THE SPECTRE BY SEA AND LAND—or THE LAST WORDS OF BILL JONES. Also a new Farce, dramatised by Mr. Dinneford, called Mr. P. P. P. P., or THE MAN IN BLACK, or HALF AN HOUR TOO LATE, with other entertainments.

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY—Ditto.

THURSDAY—ORAN THE OUTLAW, &c. &c.

WANTED,

A THEATRICAL WARDROBE.—Address O. P. at the office of the Spirit of the Times. Letters to be post paid. [F16]

EPISTLE FROM "OLD MENTOR."

MOBILE, (Ala.) Jan 31, 1839.

"*Friend P.*"—Be pleased to fancy the little ceremony of introduction accomplished, and suppose yourself now playing the host to a new friend—*new* to *your* knowledge, but indeed as old as your merry and popular journal—your friend in the "Spirit," for so familiar have I grown with your interesting columns, that I almost deem even this little prelude to acquaintance unnecessary. Now if you can suppose so much, I can very readily fancy I have heard from your lips the hearty old fashioned phrase, "Sit down, and make yourself at home!"

When I was a boy, and indeed for many years of manhood (I am now fifty-eight,) I was distinguished for a silent and thoughtful disposition; at school I was called "Grandfather," and at twenty-one I was known as "Old Mentor." My mind must have taken this serious turn from early misfortune in my family. My father, an exile from the old country, died in my childhood, and my mother, a poor widow, oppressed with care, more so from having been unused to it, moulded my easy nature after her own. From defect of education, I lack all those "sweet parts of conversation" which make society delightful, and my enjoyments are rather of a solitary than a social nature. Such a state of mind you may have noticed is generally accompanied by observation, as well as musing and speculative fancies. With some feeling of disappointment I have found your notices of our little queenly city brief and far between, and it struck me as a lucky idea that I might myself create the thing I wished. I will furnish you with some little items, such as I think may suit your "Spirit," and you may make what use you please of my communication.

The large *Alhambra Ball Room* is entirely finished—a magnificent apartment, with a spring floor, constructed on a new and very curious principle. Two Balls have already gone off with great *eclat*. I don't know the dimensions of the room, but it is just about the size of your Masonic Hall Ball-room. Underneath, on the basement, there is an immense Bar-room, occupying the whole extent of the building. FINN, during the present week, has possession of the Ball-room, where he is exhibiting Dancing Devils, Locturing on the Planets, and singing Comic Songs.

The *St. Emanuel st. Theâtre* still lies in ashes; the delay in commencing the new house is occasioned by more extensive plans being in contemplation than were at first intended. The little "*Government*" is fighting manfully against many adverse circumstances. Miss TREE appears next week; this week there is a round of benefits coming off. J. M. FIELD received a bumper—by the way, my young friend Joe has at length found a profitable channel for the fund of lively fancy and happy humor which he is well known to possess; his farce of "*Victoria, or, the Lion and the Kiss*," has drawn the best houses of the season. It is in truth a rich bit—a *morceau*: like a new eagle just from the mint, the pure metal of genius looking brighter with the stamp of currency impressed upon it; a *jeu d'esprit* from beginning to end. You remember the little quiz that went the rounds some time ago of Bennett's kissing the Queen; from that has sprung the farce of "Victoria," and Bennett is the *Lion*; John Van Buren figures as *Prince Kinderhook*; Soult, Wellington, the Queen, and her "Mamma," Melbourne, &c. are characters affording scope for some excellent acting. Prince Kinderhook is not an exquisite, but an *elegant*, conversing entirely in French; he is very prominent until the entrance of Bennett, the "Lion," when his chagrin at being so completely eclipsed by the penny Editor is irresistible. This is a capital part for RICHINGS. The denouement of the *kissing* is electrical. I never saw an audience so taken by surprise, so thoroughly convulsed. On the author's benefit night they could scarcely be restrained from absolutely insisting on an encore.

My sheet is full; being uncertain of my welcome, I shall trespass no further at present. Adieu! my (permit me) dear young friend! Accept my congratulations on your intended improvements. Adieu!

Yours very sincerely, "OLD MENTOR."

P.S. I was much pleased the other day with an introduction to CHARLES J. B. FISHER, Esq. formerly, I am told, Editor of the "Traveller and Times;" his polished manners and extensive information highly delighted me, and I rejoiced to hear that he intends locating among us. Your friends, LUDLOW & SMITH, are flourishing. FORREST succeeds Miss TREE.

Stand Aside, and let MAJOR BOOTS have a chance.

Dear Sir,—Here I am, up *stears* in the back room a-fixin' a check (not upon the defalcations of Swartwout and Price, for Boots is above Price, but an instrument o' writin' on the Bank, whereby Boots will be without "issue" any longer in that quarter). Now, as things look right cosy all around me up here, and the oyster stew is smoking with a kind of an oblatory "sweet smelling savor," and I feel sort a disposed to take a side wiping paragraph at the agitating topics of this section, I'm jest gwyne to spread myself for a regular "snap," so here goes for a raal cut and slash critique on things in and about the "Knobs."

First and foremost, the two late matches kicked up 'twixt *Bos'on* and *Portsmith* for two mile heats, $10,000 aside, $1000 ft., on Bosting's part, and jist the double o' that on Portsmith's, to be run over the old first born Course in Va., near Petersburg. Now Boots's notions on that. If the course should be heavy, and the two come to taw, why fourteen pounds belonging to 1839, to be toted by the Berry, and a tolerable deep suck in the mud, will tell, and turn a tale (tail) on him, for old Bos'on makes no compromise with young 'uns when he gits 'em in a suck. But if the ground be dry and firm, O lordy! sich a bustin' unkinking never was seen afore; sich a tarrin' down jig never was danced in these parts, as will be kicked off to the brisk little movement of 3:40, by the Berry a whirling of it that day!!!

The next little hop comes off two weeks afterwards, down at Raleigh, N.C., same distance, same amount, and twixt Bosting and "the Queen." Now thar you tetch me, Col. Smith—into my hand, Cousin Suckey—laid out level—cold as a whetstone, (not Pete,) and car'd to the stable—"Which one! who?" "Which one, who, why—I'll tell you when the time comes." All I can now say to you is, that *tis'nt* (I hate *'taint*, of all sorts,) quite as easy as sittin' down sewing, this running against Boston is'nt. He is as ugly a customer as could be picked out of any crowd. How the bettors will have the *piles* that day; O Lord! and Boston will be better for them than Brandreth's pills, for he will remove them altogether by a wholesome *peri-staltic* motion.

I reckon, now, if you are fond of the funny, 'twould have made you laugh for a fortnight to have heard the MAYOR OF THE SLASHES down at the *nigger*-hiring on the 1st. Good Gracious! he went ahead of himself entire—busted out and byled over every clip—said more original things in a shorter time than was ever said by any one man afore, since the yearth was formed. He took hold of Boots, and run him so hard he run all the *counters* down at the heels, the most vulnerable part of the Major, as its the only elevation about him that don't come nat'ral—says he, he's jest like one o' those d——d *fee*-Martin's; he comes a buzzin' about a man, and pounces down upon people before they know where they are; *if* you owe him any thing, of all things in the world, you better pay him in the beginning, for there's no peace in Israel until its settled, and by jingo, he's the best collector I ever saw, he is, this Boots; but if he owes *you* any thing, you may whistle for it, for he always has the slickest excuses—talks d——d pretty, and pays d——d slack.

I s'pose you have heard of the burning of the Eagle Hotel. The grey mantle of Ruin now wraps the heaps of mouldering brick, and the vacancy looks mighty like an *opening* for a speculation. Valuable property that.

I have just come from dinner down at the old "Bell Tavern." My stars! how that ar' man HODGES has turned things inside out: ripped up, and rubbed out, and set up a-fresh; everything about the house looks nice and comfortable; and such a table as he keeps! why, it makes a-man's mouth water to think of it! The fattest mutton, the plumpest poultry, and sich stews in the chafing-dish! with the currant jelly flung in for a relish, and the selery, all chopt up fine, to boot! walls neatly papered, servants quick and attentive, and watching all the while to see what you may want. Come to the door, you are handed in by a well-dressed man; inquire his name: why, it's Hodges, ever at his post, prompt, polite, and energetic. "Stand aside, old Tom, and let me carry out the discussion with this mutton-stew. My friend, I aint used to so much waitin' upon." I never was so pestered with politeness in my life afore but once, and that was at a dinner "on the Hill," in the house of one of the "swell'd heads." The good host and hostess kept a-plying me so close with petitions to take some o' this, and some o' that, till poor little Boots was half hid, a-peepin' over the pile of vittles heapt up in his plate, and workin' away his damndest with a two-prong fork 'pon a pig's head. Now, when Boots riz up from that ar' board, if his best friends would ha' known him 'twould ha' been as much, he was so swelled out with the "provisions." This shows how few understand the right kind o' *breedin'*.

Six o'clock;—Oh, lordy! let go my har! Whar' do you think I am at this speakin'? Why, in a crowd of Legislators, who are a fixin' for a party. Here's one poor devil, a-sweatin' like a steam-biler, pulling on a par of bran-noo boots; another one, in a terrible pother, turnin' a par of white cotton gloves outside in, and picking the cotton like an old granny in the chimney corner; another one has on a par of raal funeral-black ones, and says he likes them best, for they last longest, and he always gits a thick, stout par' to carry him through the session. Well, now, you may think I'm a-lying, but it's the type of the whole Vaginny Legislatur' as to breedin'—raal smart fellers, but coarse. BOOTS.

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

OVER the Bascombe Course, will commence on Monday, March 11, 1839, and continue six days.

First day—Match, $10,000 a-side, Four mile heats, between
Col. Thos. Watson's ch. h. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, and
David Stephenson's br. h. *Melzare*, by Bertrand.

Second day—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1838, sub. $500 each, ft. $300, Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 20th Feb. Now 4 subs., viz:

Col. Thos. Watson,	David Stephenson,
James S. Garrison,	John J. Burton.

Same day—Champagne Sweepstakes for 2 yr olds Spring of 1838, sub. $150, ft. $50, Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 20th Feb. Now 5 subs.

David Stephenson,	Col. Vance Johnson,	John J. Burton.
Col. Thos. Watson,	Drs. Fearn & Nott,	

The winner of the above stakes is to present the Club with 12 dozen of champagne.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $150, with the entrance money added, Mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Same day—A Service of Plate given by the Proprietor, valued at $300, Mile heats.
The Match Race, Four mile heats, was postponed from the 7th to the 11th March, at the request of several gentlemen living at a distance.

The sport no doubt will be excellent, as there will be a greater number of stables than was ever here before. There are already here, and on the road—Jas. S. Garrison's stable, with Wagner, Pollard Brown, Glorvina, and many young things—Col. Thos. Watson's with The Poney, Linnet, Bee's-wing, Exotic, Queen of Trumps, and several others—The Proprietor has Melzare, Paul Jones, Authentic, and several imported young ones—Messrs. Greer & Simmons with Harpaiyce, Willina Herndon, and others—James Shy with Curculia and a lot of Medocs—H. A. Tayloe with Maria Black, Zelina, and a number of good ones—also the stables of Mr. John J. Burton, Messrs. Smith & Head, Col. R. Long, and Col. N. Davis. It is also expected that J. C. Stevens' stable, now on its way from New York, will train and run here. D. STEPHENSON, *Proprietor*.

Mobile, Feb. 3, 1839.—[F16-4t]

MILLEDGEVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Milledgeville Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d April, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st March. Now 2 subs. viz:—

Col. G. Edmonson,	T. Vanlandingham.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.
Second day—Two mile heats, Purse - - - - - - - $300
Third day—Three mile heats, - - - - - - - - - 400 } Free for all.
Fourth day—Four mile heats, - - - - - - - - - 700
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $250, h. ft., Two mile heats, to which will be added the *Young Plate*, valued at $10.0. Closed with 5 subs., viz:—

Iverson & Bonner,	Kenan & Vanlandinghaun,	Col. Wm. McCargo.
Col. G. Edmonson,	Lewis Lovell,	

Milledgeville, Feb. 5, 1839.—[F16-tf] H. F. YOUNG & Co., *Proprietors*.

☞ Papers which have published the former notice will discontinue it, and insert the above till forbid.

GRASSHOPPER FOR SALE.

THE highly bred mare "GRASSHOPPER," well known as an approved brood mare of blood-like appearance, fine size, and connected with the best racing families on the side of both sire and dam, will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately. She will be 13 years old in May next; she is a rich blood bay, measuring about 15 hands 3 inches—is perfectly sound and a sure breeder. Her three colts that have been trained, have proved uncommonly speedy and stout runners; she is the dam of *Sir Harry*, a popular stallion, *Nelson*, a winner on Long Island, and purchased by Col. Johnson, of Virginia, and *John R*, one of the speediest 4 yr olds at the North; with 104lbs. on his back he won a heat of two miles last Spring in 3:45, and ran 2d for the next in 3:47, notwithstanding a bad start, and the 3d in 3:51, beating Tom Moore, Bergen, Ajax, Young Lady Lightfoot, and Shadow; the 2d and 3d heats were won, after a desperate struggle, by Suffolk, by a few feet only, after a remarkably fast and game race. [See Spirit of the Times of June 2, page 124.] In the Fall he won the 1st heat for the Three mile purse on the Union Course, in 5:50, and lost the 2d heat to Henry Moore, by a scant length, in 5:57½, having split his hoof on the last quarter; he of course was then drawn. The first two miles of the 1st heat he ran in 3:47, and in both heats he beat Betsey Andrey, Jane Rowlett, and The Colonel. Grasshopper's only other produce is a colt by Henry, and a very promising one by Imp. Trustee: she will, if not sold, be stinted this season to Imp. Trustee.

Grasshopper was bred by Nelson Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, the breeder of Post Boy, Robin Hood, Tarquin, Suffolk, and a host of winners, and it is believed that she combines as many capital strains of blood, as any brood mare of the present day. Her pedigree on her dam's side may be found in full in the Turf Register and Spirit of the Times, and on the side of her sire in the English Stud Book. It is as follows:—

Grasshopper was got by Imp. Roman, out of Garland (the dam of *Post Boy*) by Duroc—grandam Young Damsel by Hamiltonian—g. g. dam Miller's Damsel (the dam of *Eclipse*) by Imp. Messenger—g. g. g. dam the celebrated imported Pot-S-o's mare—g. g. g. g. dam by Gimcrack, etc.

Roman, the sire of Grasshopper, was imported into New York in 1823. He was bred by Mr. Liddell and foaled in 1815. [See English and Am. Stud Book, page 1015.] Roman was got by Camillus, out of Leon Forte. (bred by Mr. Watt in 1808,) who was got by Eagle, her dam Tamborine by Trumpator—Crone by Highflyer—Middlesex by Snap. [See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 674.] Camillus, the sire of Roman, was got by Cannon-ball, his dam by Camillus, out of Hampden's dam by Hyacinthus—Zara by Delpini. [See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 894.]

A better bred mare, or one more unexceptionable for size, form, color, and soundness, can hardly be found anywhere, and it must be added that she is a sure breeder, and that all her stock have run with credit. If applied for immediately she will be sold at a bargain. She may be seen at Trustee's stand, near the Union Course, L. I. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, who is authorized to dispose of her.

Long Island, Feb. 12, 1839. [F16-1ptf.]

SITUATION WANTED,

AS SALESMAN in a wholesale Hardware Store, by a person who has a fair knowledge of that business, more especially with the Gun and Pistol branches, having been employed at the same for twenty years past. References shall be satisfactory as to ability, integrity, and industry. Salary reasonable. A note left at this office, and addressed "Thomas," will be promptly attended to. [F16]

STALLION FOR SALE OR TO LET.

MASTER HENRY, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 6 years old next Spring, 15½ hands, very stout and strong, and of immense power, is for sale at a bargain, or will be farmed out to some good and responsible person. Address
[d29] JAMES B. KENDALL, Baltimore, Md.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

TO LET OR LEASE, for a term of years, the above well known establishment, situated in the most central part of Broadway, near Canal street, together with all the Scenery, Furniture, and fixtures.

The Scenery, &c., is nearly new, and the house has fixtures for burning Gas throughout, together with every other convenience which appertains to such establishments. To any enterprising leader of a Theatrical Company, an opportunity now offers which seldom is to be met with.

It will be rented on very favorable terms. Apply at No. 149 Water-st. [dis]tf

STALLIONS FOR 1839.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 and $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va. at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80, $100, and $1 to the groom.

BELSHAZZAR. *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn., at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Gov. Richardson's Goldfinder mare by Virginius, at Wm. Moody's stable, Mount Forest, Northampton Co., N.C., at $60, $100, & $1.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50 and $75. Address L. Sherley.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodlee Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at James Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at Samuel Davenport & Co.'s stable, near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HYBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50 the season—$1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stables of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the groom.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75, $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Basin Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm. Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100 Address L. Sherley.

MARSHALNEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Dare-devil, g. d Lady Bolingbroke by Imp Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, and $1.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his 2d season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150 and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn., limited to 20 mares, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RICHARD. *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at *Maj. B.* Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming Co., Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B Newsom's stable, in Wilson Co., Tenn, 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125—$1 to grm.

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Arks., at $25 & $40. Address T. T. Tunstall & Co.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. B. Robertson's stable, Centra Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if pd. within the season, and $100 if pd. out of it.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of J. W. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at *Liles E. Abernathy's* stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. James W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100 and $1 to the groom.

☞ Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of $20, in this paper, no charge will be made.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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